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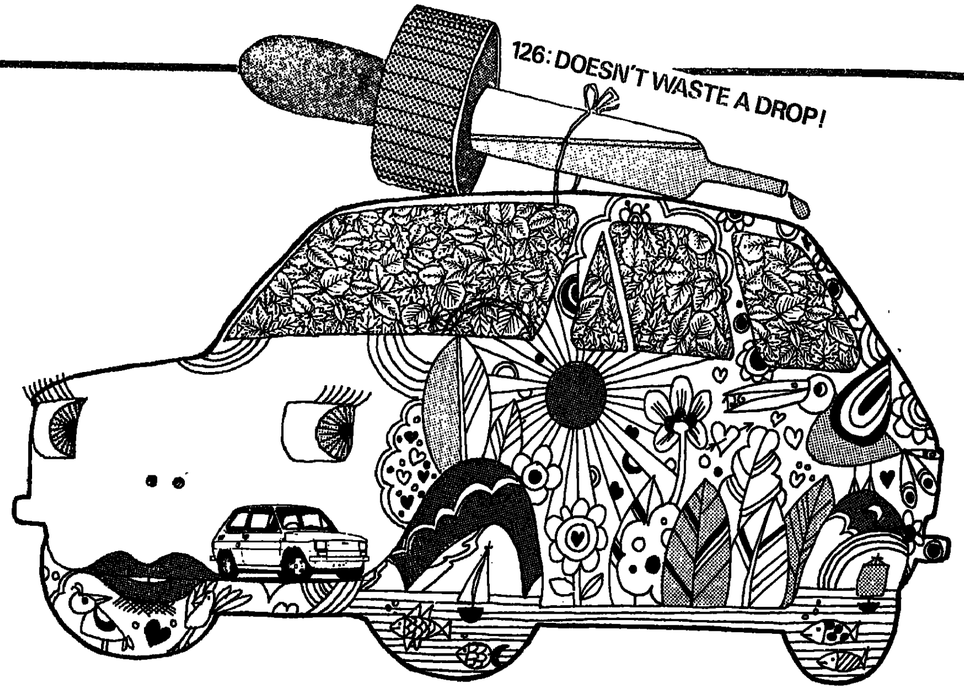

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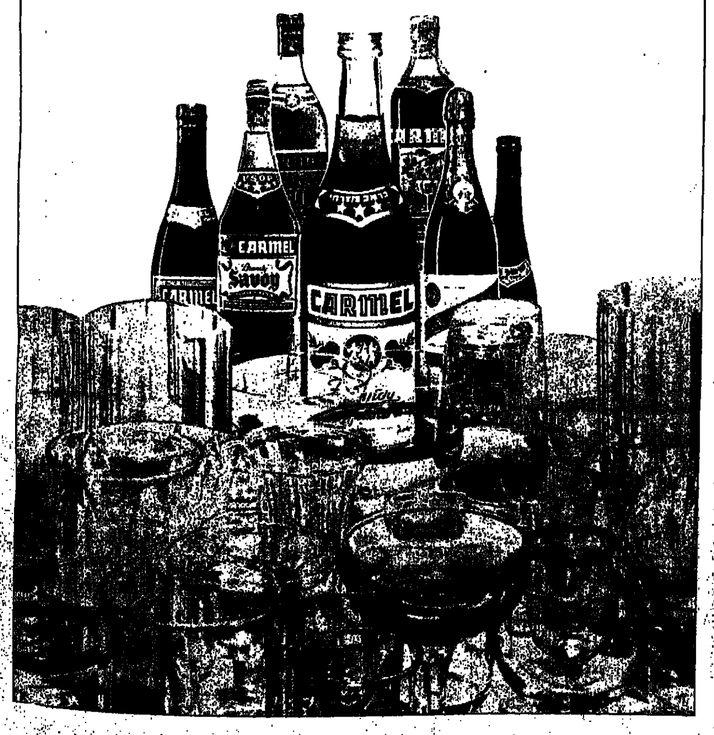

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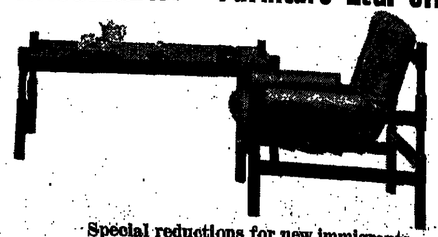

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THE RHODES ARMISTICE

Twenty-five years ago next Sunday, on the island of Rhodes, Israel and Egypt signed the first of a series of armistice agreements which put an end to the first of the wars between Israel and the Arabs. WALTER EYTAN, who headed the Israel delegation, recollects the high hopes that animated the conferees at Rhodes and traces the course of conflict to the recently opened peace conference in Geneva.

Israel's delegates sign the Armistice Agreement with Egypt. (Left to right) Eliahu Sasson, Yigal Yadin, Walter Eytan. (Below) The Egyptian delegation included (right) Mahmoud Riadh, currently Secretary-General of the Arab League and former Foreign Minister.

RHODES was 25 years ago — but it could have been a century, or yesterday. A century, because so much has changed; yesterday, because things seem so much alike.

The armies of the surrounding Arab states invaded Israel on May 15, 1948, and soon they were being supported in the field by those of others much further away (Saudi Arabia and Iraq, to name only two). The U.N. Security Council met in frequent, almost constant, session from that day till almost the end of the year, issuing call after call for a cease-fire or truce. It was not until November 16 that it decided that an armistice was to be established, "to facilitate the transition from the present truce to permanent peace."

The purpose of the armistice was thus clearly defined (and was later re-stated in similar terms in the text of the agreement itself). It was to be achieved by a withdrawal and reduction of forces and "the delineation of permanent armistice lines beyond which the armed forces of the respective parties shall not move." But it was only after another round of fighting had forced its army back into Sinai that the Egyptian Government decided that an armistice might in fact be acceptable. Syria still held parts of Israel territory and saw no need to parley, while Lebanon and Jordan were too weak to assume the initiative in negotiating until Egypt, the ringleader, took the first step. The fighting in Sinai ended on January 7, 1949, and five days later negotiations began at Rhodes — conveniently neutral and isolated, yet within easy reach of Israel and Egypt alike.

The Egyptian-Israeli General Armistice Agreement, signed on February 24, 1949, was (like the later agreements with Lebanon, Jordan and Syria) as much a political as a military instrument. This dual nature — of the negotiations and of the agreement to which they led — was accepted from the start by both sides. Their understanding of the enterprise on which they were engaged was reflected in the composition of the delegations, each of which consisted of political and military officers. But perhaps it was not altogether a matter of chance that while Israel's delegation was headed by the Director-General of her Foreign Ministry, assisted by senior military and legal advisers, the Egyptian delegation was led by a general, supported by a military staff (which included the brother-in-law of King Farouk) as well as by political and legal consultants. At the time, we did not read too much into this difference of emphasis, though naturally it did not escape us.

MUCH OF THE armistice agreement was necessarily concerned with immediate military matters, such as the withdrawal and reduction of forces and the exchange of prisoners. But other aspects of the agreement were more fundamental; some were intended to be so, and others became so with the passing of time and the continued absence of a peace treaty. The agreement defined the armistice demarcation line which, although "not to be construed in any sense as a political or territorial boundary," in fact became the frontier between Israel and Egypt. It was in this way that the Gaza "strip" came into existence; occupied at the time by Egyptian forces, it was recognized implicitly as Egyptian-held territory pending a final settlement.

This final settlement then seemed almost round the corner. Did the agreement itself not lay it down that the armistice was "an indispensable step towards the liquidation of armed conflict and the restoration of peace"? Had it not been negotiated "with a view to promoting the return of permanent peace"? The underlying assumption throughout the six weeks we were negotiating at Rhodes was that the armistice agreement would soon be replaced by a treaty of peace, all the more so as the "Palestine Conciliation Commission" (PCC), which had been appointed by the U.N. General Assembly on December 11, 1948, was waiting impatiently to take over from Dr. Bunche and guide the belligerents in the ways of peace.

RALPH BUNCHE was the Henry Kissinger of his day — and had many of Kissinger's qualities (though despite his Ph.D. — in anthropology — he was not really an intellectual). Bunche, like Kissinger, was an American; and, like Kissinger, the member of a minority group (he was a Negro). But while Kissinger is U.S. Secretary of State, Bunche represented what was then still the might and glory of a United Nations in which the U.S.S.R. and U.S.A. were — in the immediate Middle Eastern context — pursuing identical aims. (It seems almost unbelievable today that at that time Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet delegate, was telling the Security Council that Arab military operations were "aimed at the suppression of the national liberation movement in Palestine.") Ralph Bunche played at least as central a part in the implementation of the Security Council's armistice resolution of December 16, 1948, as Kissinger was to do in that of the Council's which had taken the initiative, duly followed by the other Arab countries; and after both, it was Egypt which signed the first agreements with Israel.

After both, too, it was Syria which was the most intransigent of the Arabs, dragging its feet as long as it could. In 1949, the conclusion of the armistice agreement with Egypt was followed by the signature of similar agreements with Lebanon on March 23 and Jordan on April 3. Syria, setting up one obstacle after another, did not sign until July 20 — almost five months after Egypt.

THE AGREEMENT between Israel and Egypt for the separation of forces today holds out at least some hope of peace. So did the armistice agreement of 25 years ago, but the hope came to nothing. Just as Rhodes was followed by Lausanne, Kilometre 101 should be followed by Geneva. But Lausanne was a fiasco. One of the reasons why Rhodes succeeded was that each of the armistice agreements was negotiated between Israel and only *one Arab country at a time*. The problems discussed were exclusively those which concerned Israel and that country. Lebanon and Jordan did, in fact, try to get in on the talks with Egypt, but they were firmly put off by Dr. Bunche, who politely asked them to await their turn, saying that he could only attend to one thing at a time.

At Lausanne, the PCC made the fatal mistake of putting all problems up for discussion with two "sides" — Israel on the one hand, and the four Arab countries all together on the other. This inevitably made for extremism on the Arab side, each delegate feeling constrained to show himself more "patriotic" than the other. The procedures, too, were extremely formal, the PCC sitting first with one "side" and then with the other (and never with the two together), along opposite sides of a green-baize table. The PCC made sure that the Israeli delegation stayed in one hotel, and the Arab delegates all together in another at the opposite end of Lausanne.

At Rhodes, there were no formal sessions at all, except the first and the last. Almost all the talks were carried on at odd times, as and when needed, in anyone's rooms, with people taking part in twos and threes, sometimes with Bunche or one of his assistants and sometimes without. In this way an atmosphere of easy intimacy was created, and the members of the two delegations got to know one another well, not merely as Israelis and Egyptians or as adversaries, but as human beings.

CONTACT WAS made all the simpler as all concerned stayed at the same hotel, the famous Hotel des Roses, which happened to be the only one on the island open at that time. The U.N. staff, headed by Bunche and his military adviser, General Riley, the Israeli and Egyptian delegations, the radio operators, an occasional newspaperman or two — everyone was under the same roof, and there was naturally only one dining-room for everyone to take their meals in. When the senior political officer on the Egyptian delegation fell ill we spent hours at his bedside just chatting.

At the party which followed the signature of the agreement the head of the Egyptian delegation, General Seif ed-Din, started taking family snapshots out of his pocket and showed me with special pride a photo of his son, who had just been commissioned as a second lieutenant in the army and showed every sign of following in his father's footsteps. The easy relationships which seem to have been formed almost from the first day at Kilometre 101 this winter reminded me irresistibly of the atmosphere which prevailed at Rhodes.

Geneva, if it comes off, looks as if it were going to resemble Lausanne rather than Rhodes. The effort to secure maximal Arab attendance could be counter-productive. What happens on the Golan Heights concerns no one but the Syrians and ourselves; it is none of the Egyptians' or Jordanians' or Palestinians' business. Decisions about the future of Sinai or navigation through the Suez Canal or the freedom of shipping in the Gulf of Akaba have to be made jointly by Israel and Egypt, and there is no reason why Syria, for example, should have any say in them. This was Ralph Bunche's principle, and it made possible the conclusion of one armistice agreement after the other. This was the principle flouted by the PCC, and the result was the unreality and inevitable failure of Lausanne.

The international context today is, of course, vastly different, if only because the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. are on opposite sides, to put it bluntly, even though they are the joint sponsors of Geneva. In 1948-49 they were pulling in the same direction, though very likely for different motives. So far, in 1974, the Soviet Union does not seem to have tried to trip up Secretary Kissinger too much, but it is hard to see how conflicts between them can be avoided at Geneva.

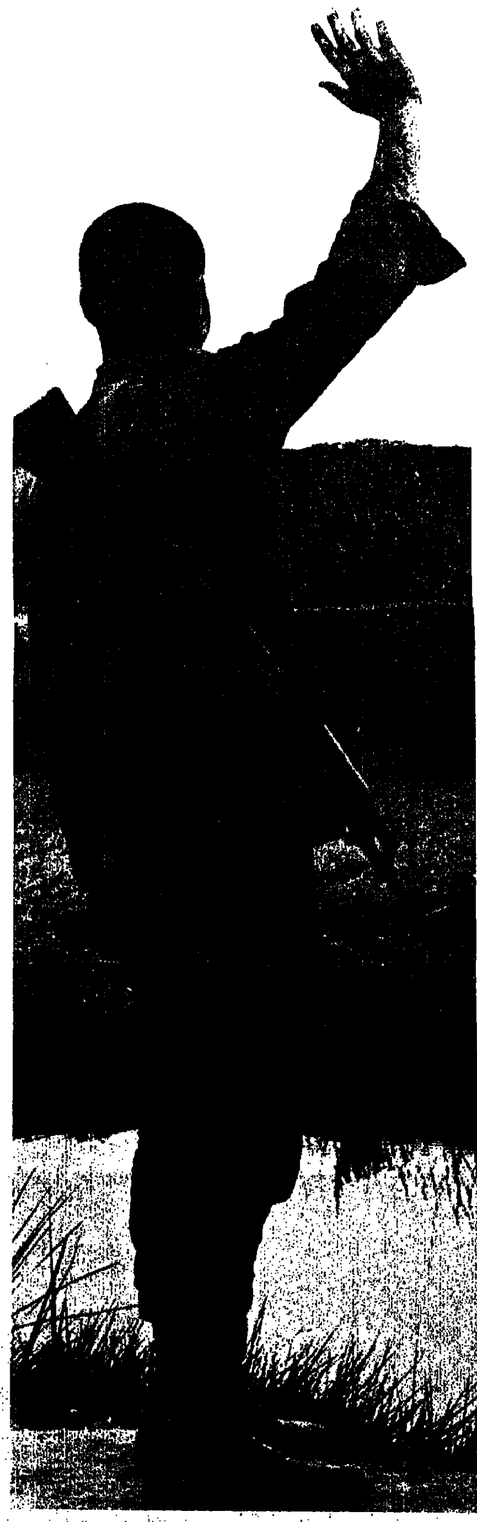
The fact that the PCC was composed of the representatives of three countries (the U.S., France and Turkey), all supposedly pulling in the same direction but in fact each at the same time pursuing national interests of its own, did not promise well for the prospects of the Lausanne conference from the outset. Rhodes, for all the difficulties and the hard bargaining, was an idyll by comparison, just as Kilometre 101 may turn out in retrospect to have been something of an idyll by contrast with Geneva. But perhaps all concerned can learn something from the failure to follow up Rhodes effectively at Lausanne. There was a general desire at the time, both locally and on the international scene, to stop the fighting — but a far less general desire to transform the armistice, once achieved, into peace.

This has been true throughout the past 25 years. Every time fighting broke out, the Security Council was quick to step in and bring it to an end — but there its effective action stopped.

The same has been true elsewhere, of course. The best example is Kashmir. Every time there has been fighting there, the Great Powers and the Security Council have rapidly stepped in to stop it, with all the usual apparatus of U.N. forces and U.N. observers; but though the problem has existed and repeatedly led to war ever since 1947, no really serious effort has ever been made to turn the cease-fire into peace. Not even Tashkent, as was seen quickly enough, was really serious.

The whole question today is whether, now that the cease-fire agreement with its separation and reduction of forces and redeployment along new lines is about to be fully implemented, as the armistice agreements were in 1949, the countries concerned — and this naturally includes the Great Powers — can do any better at Geneva than they did at Lausanne.

ON FEBRUARY 24, 1949, as we signed the first armistice agreement, we were certainly optimistic about the chances of peace. The Rhodes agreement was hailed at the time as a tremendous achievement, and perhaps in its immediate context it was. But in the event, it could not in itself prevent a renewal of terrorist action and of out-and-out war a few years later, and perhaps we do not have too much ground to be more sanguine about the results achieved at Kilometre 101. There are undoubtedly lessons to be learned from the past, whether it seems like yesterday or like a hundred years ago. It would be a pity indeed if they were left unlearned.



THE LAST FAREWELL

Yesterday, the last of the Israeli troops west of the Suez Canal crossed back into Sinai under the disengagement agreement. ABRAHAM RABINOVICH was there earlier in the week, while the last of the Egyptian missile sites were being blown to smithereens, and soldierly conversation was turning to the future.

IT WAS ENDING as it had begun — with explosions, pillars of smoke and tanks crossing the Canal in force.

The tanks, of course, were moving eastward as the Israeli military presence in Africa ended this week after four months. Anything of military value that could not go with them was being burnt or blown up.

Three days before the final pull-out, the desert could already be seen returning to its pristine state as Israeli troops picked the battlefield clean. Trucks piled high with booty, including airplane wheels from the military airfield at Fayid, headed for the Canal causeway. They passed a heavy tractor spinning slowly in the sands as it crushed a damaged Egyptian artillery piece beneath its treads. Nearby, a burnt-out truck lay atop a burnt-out pontoon float, the truck's tyres still flamed, sending up a cloud of smoke to join the others rising across the Israeli enclave like signal fires.

The columns of smoke could be seen from an outpost south of Ismailiya manned by a small unit of paratroop reservists. Despite the preparations for pull-back going on all around, the sandbagged outpost would remain intact until the very last moment, an officer said. "It's not logical for the Egyptians to open fire but not everything that happens is logical."

Two sandy hillocks a few hundred metres away marked the forward Egyptian outposts. On one of them, a Sagger missile pointed towards the Israeli lines. A paratrooper indicated a partially demolished observation tower behind the Egyptian lines and said it had been hit with a captured Sagger.

THE UNIT had been among the first to cross the Canal in Arik Sharon's spearhead and was to be among the last to leave. The front-line units had been contending with each other for the honour of being the last to leave Africa. "Even if it means staying a few extra days," said a soldier, "it's worth it."

With heavy explosions coming from the direction of a nearby missile base that was being blown up, the men gathered in the pleasant sunlight to discuss with a visitor their imminent demobilisation and what the war had done to them.

Despite the overriding desire to get home, some of the men showed a surprising hesitation about returning to the routine of civilian life as well as regret at ending the exceptionally close-knit relationship developed within the unit during the past four months.

"It will be difficult returning to civilian life after living together such a long time," said a sergeant. "I don't know how I'll get back to a grey, everyday life — getting up in the morning, wife, kids, work."

"We'll miss being together," said a paratrooper wearing a *kipa*. "I think some of us wouldn't mind going on living together like in a small kibbutz."

"What grey life, fellows?" chided an electrical engineer from Sderot. "It's all white. We're going home."

THE WAR had changed them, the men agreed. "It's added a layer to us," said a teacher from Beit Shemesh.

For most, this change means a new-found interest in political affairs. "I never had anything to do with politics before," said a soldier. "Now I see it's very close to us. I plan to take an active role in it."

There was uncertainty about what shape this activity would take.

"If we don't go into the streets and demonstrate," said a soldier, "everything will go back to the way it was."

"Do you expect us all to go home and start in with a hunger strike?" challenged a friend.

The unit officer said he thought they would become active within existing parties and in discussion groups.

The men I talked to identified with Motti Ashkenazi, although some asked why he was calling just for Moshe Dayan's resignation and not the whole Government's. Asked about the fact that Likud drew more votes in the army than the Alignment, the soldiers said the statistic was misleading, since the Likud vote came from rear echelon soldiers and not from the men who would have to bear the brunt of Likud's political decisions — the front-line soldier. "The vote of the combat soldier was definitely for the Alignment or the left-wing parties," said a student from the Hebrew University. "I don't know of anybody in this unit who voted for Likud."

THE EXPERIENCE of a terrible war had made them more appreciative of life and determined not to waste it. "If I was interested in making money before, I'm not any more," said one. "I'm interested in the substance of life. I may have to go back to the army at any time and I want to make use of every minute."

The road back to the Canal, alive with military traffic a few weeks before, was almost deserted except for a tourist bus filled with soldiers' wives who had come down for a last look at Africa. The Canal itself, seen through the bulrushes of the Western bank, was beautiful in the late afternoon sun, a few military craft floated on its quiet waters, and the narrow waterway seemed more like a recreational pond than an international artery and the focus Great Power intrigues.

From the Egyptian side, the Bar-Lev line presented a blank face of sand palisades topped periodically by conical observation posts. Here and there the palisades were broken where the Egyptians had crossed on October 6. At one point, a scaling ladder could be seen on the outer face of the Israeli embankment.

Shortly before sunset, a puff of green signal smoke went up at the Israeli edge of the causeway and a helicopter bearing Moshe Dayan landed. He had come to see the evacuation of supplies and booty from the west bank. "Have you left them anything except sand?" he asked the men who crowded around him.

By Thursday, tracks in the sand would be all that was left.

A SOLDIER RETURNS

Freshly demobilized, HAIM SHAPIRO muses, nostalgically and otherwise, on his period of service in "Africa."

WE RODE AWAY from our fortification on the back of a truck, perched on piles of equipment. The fortification was a new one. We had begun building it a few months before and work only stopped when the Separation of Forces Agreement became final.

Despite our relief and contentment at leaving "Africa," we were all inclined to be a little nostalgic. While the conditions had been rough, the company had been good and the scenery, nothing short of spectacular. Our fortification overlooked a little lake, part of the marshes adjoining the Small Bitter Lake. From across "our" lake, Birkat al Jamus, we could see the British World War I monument to the unknown soldier. Beyond it, the rooftops of Ismailiya were barely visible.

In contrast to other positions in Africa, ours was surrounded by lush verdant growth. Date palms and eucalyptus trees rose over cornfields and stretches of marsh reeds. Soldiers went foraging daily to find vegetables to supplement our battle rations. Even eggs were supplied by the local chickens. In fact, our officer was singled out by one discerning hen, who daily laid an egg in his foxhole.

The sleeping accommodations, it is true, did leave something to be desired. At first we slept in foxholes left by the Egyptians. These long, deep trenches appeared, to me at least, uncomfortably like graves. This impression was confirmed by experienced soldiers, who claimed that even a shell exploding nearby would cause the whole structure to collapse, leaving the hapless occupant immured.

Later, when we built our own defence ramp, we also constructed new foxholes. These consisted of shallower trenches covered by heavy iron arches, which supported many layers of sandbags. Since each additional sandbag meant a little more protection, we did not have to be driven too hard to carry out this phase of the work.

On the contrary, one of our many complaints against the powers that be was that we were not allowed to build a separate foxhole for each soldier. Some of the soldiers had to double up, causing the thin foam-rubber mattress provided by the army to tilt at crazy angles. Since the materials were at hand and the work our own, we felt we were being dealt with unfairly.

THE REASONS we were forced to double up seemed to vary with the commander's mood. At first we were simply told that this wasn't the Hilton and we should stop grousing. Later on, vague strategic considerations were invoked; and finally it was announced that under bombardment, two soldiers sharing a foxhole could give each other moral support. We countered with the argument that a soldier who never slept properly could not be at top fighting capacity.

This was only one of our complaints. Other grievances involved our daily supplies. While battle rations were usually plentiful, other items, such as fruit and vegetables, margarine and cheese, were often in short supply. As occasional cook, I was sometimes faced with the unpleasant task of dividing three tomatoes or one small package of cheese between 20 men.

From what we had seen elsewhere, we were convinced that this situation was caused by inequitable sharing out of provisions rather than a general shortage of supplies. This feeling, that we were getting less than was due to us, was present in other areas, possibly compounded by the glowing reports in the press of conditions at the front.

Wives and parents found it difficult to believe that often over a week would go by without any telephone contact being available. Similarly, friends were sceptical when they heard that I had spent seven hours bouncing home in a bus, rather than flying.

The bus trips themselves are something that will long be remembered. Somehow the trip always took seven hours, whatever the conditions. On one journey, the driver lost himself twice, going dozens of kilometres out of his way before he found the right road. Then he got stuck in the sand, and after futile efforts to get him out, we made our way individually, cadging lifts on the various vehicles that went by. I still got home in seven hours. Often, the trip went quite smoothly but it still took just as long.

IT IS THE LEAVES that one remembers best. On duty, when there was no work to be done, I must admit I spent long periods withdrawing from reality into one of the many detective novels with which friends regularly supplied me. At times we were allowed to take walks through the surrounding countryside and the abandoned mud-brick villages.

Sometimes we would visit friends in other units in the area. These visits took on the aura of ambassadorial calls. After being almost ceremoniously welcomed, the guest would be offered coffee or perhaps some other drink and the best of the supply of goodies from the packages from home. Then he would be questioned about his unit: living conditions, frequency of leave and the activities of the individual soldiers. Finally, the guest would be taken to see the local sights. These might include a particularly fine view from the lookout point or some interesting piece of enemy equipment.

On one occasion, the local beauty spot was a small pond complete with rowboat, ducks and swans. We each took our turn going out in the rowboat and were duly photographed. Those of us interested in wildlife used these excursions to collect samples of local plants and fishes.

SOME SOLDIERS never left the position; they were too engrossed in the ongoing poker game. Poker is, of course, forbidden in the army, as are all forms of gambling. Officially our card game was bridge. The officers sometimes wondered how we could play five-handed bridge.

Not all free time was frittered away. There were those who worked endlessly at putting enemy equipment back into shape. Guns that seemed to be rusted or burned out beyond repair were painstakingly oiled and cleaned. Missing parts were taken from other abandoned equipment or even improvised. When we left, all this was turned over to the army, and those who had refurbished it could feel a sense of pride in their work.

As the end approached, and we knew that we were to leave within a certain number of days, the atmosphere changed subtly. On the one hand, there was a feeling of comradeship based on our common experiences. The knowledge that we would soon be separated caused us to draw together. Addresses were exchanged and plans were made to meet in civilian life. On the other hand, tensions and friction that had remained repressed now came to the fore. This resulted in endless bickering, recriminations and even accusations.

As the last day grew closer, we began to pack our equipment. We also burned all our documents. In our case these seemed to consist mainly of old newspapers, which, it seems, have a special importance for the enemy.

We would count the days and watch the brilliant red sunsets over the palm trees, taking in our last view. Nature seemed to be working to strengthen this mood of nostalgia. Instead of the sandstorms or cold, damp mist we had often experienced, we now had warm, balmy days and clear, bright nights.

The last hours on the shore of Birkat al Jamus took on an air of utter unreality. One felt like an extra in a terribly sentimental war film. I expected the camera to pan out over the horizon as we rode away.

Ephraim Kishon

THE ATTENTIVE READER is no doubt familiar with the haunting Cookie Song which, he may remember, won second-third place on this year's Hit Parade. Surely there's no man alive in this country who hasn't at least hummed the pleasing tune under his breath, as follows:

Cookie, cookie, cookie, cookie,
Why don't you play hookey,
hookey?
Why don't you at me looky?
(refrain:)
Cookie you're so always pretty!
Why don't you give me it itty?
Cookie, cookie, cookie, cookie,
I love your cooki(ng)!

An unpretentious, simply-worded lyric. Not, it's true, perfectly grammatical, yet easy on the ear and, one may say, rich in folkloristic elements. A popular song. The radio's been playing it at least twice a day for the past two months. I wrote it.

I had never written a lyric before because I didn't know I had it in me. One's heard of those cases of a person not being aware of his own hidden talents, like David who didn't realize what a good shot he was till he met Goliath, or Bernard Shaw who was 40 when he declined and fell from theatre critic to playwright. As a matter of fact, though, my own gift might never have come to light, were it not that I'm given to doodling while I talk...

LIKE OTHER momentous events, it all began in a Tel Aviv sidewalk cafe. We were discussing ideals, and while contributing my bit of disapproval I scribbled some random words in the margin of a paper-napkin — words such as "cookie, hookey, looky, shnooky." Then G. Diesel, the composer, happened to glance at the napkin. His face went white.

"Listen!" he gasped, "That's hot stuff!" That is to say, he elaborated, it wasn't quite enough for a full-size lyric yet, but it certainly had the potentials of a hit. He urged me to develop my theme.

"In every popular lyric you'll only find a small number of memorable words," Diesel went on to explain, "Nobody remembers the rest of it. Cookie-hookey-looky would make a stunning trio.

He pleaded with me to leave the somewhat uninspired last word out of it, and after a brief but stormy argument I agreed to sacrifice shnooky. I withdrew at once to a corner table and wrote the Cookie Song which is on everyone's lips today. Diesel said apologetically that the market was a bit slow just now and he couldn't pay more than IL500. I considered that not bad at all, till I noticed the famous pop-song writer S. Zwanziger, who was sitting at a nearby table trembling with passion, and darting furious looks at me.

Next morning I got a telegram: "BE AT ZOO 2 STOP NO WORD ANYONE STOP ZWANZIGER."

I went to the Zoo. Zwanziger blindfolded me with his handkerchief and pushed me into a cab, whereupon we drove off and sped illegally for something like three hours, Zwanziger not saying a word all the way. At last we pulled up by the abandoned ruin of a house in Upper Galilee. Inside we found three other pop-lyricists seated on top of a rickety piano, their tense faces hardly discernible in the flickering light of an oil-lamp.

"Sit down," said Zwanziger, "and have no fear: you are among friends. Allow me to introduce: The Israeli Pop-Song Manufacturers Association, a secret alliance comprising 4 members..."

"Pleased to meet you."

"Up to now we four have written all the pop-songs in this country," Zwanziger continued on a note of suppressed rage. "Now that you have joined us, worse luck, we're forced to admit you into our secret society."

"WHY SECRET?"

"I'll make myself clear. There's no point in concealing the bitter truth, known to only four — and now five — people in the whole country, which is that *anyone can write a hit!* We've brought you here to warn you to keep our terrible secret."

"Sure."

"Thank you. That isn't enough however. Our organization has its own rules, and our livelihood depends on their strict observance. For a start — 'Never write a lyric on the spot.' Beware lest the rabble find out that it only takes ten minutes to produce a hit. Always demand at least a week. Naturally, you may then write the thing at the last minute — on the way to the music-writer, if you like.

"Rule number two: 'Absolutely refuse to change a single word.' That's so as to impress on the uninitiated that the words of your lyric only *appear* simple and stupid, but that actually they make a stupendous architectonic structure, a well nigh mystical harmony of phonetically balanced units. Now, an important rule: 'Don't, whatever you do, let anyone ever hear your text without the music.' When the lyric's *sung*, nobody takes any notice of the words, but without a tune your song'll be shown for the trash it is."

"Quite."

"Last but not least," concluded Zwanziger, "the question of fees. It's criminal to write a song for anything under IL1,200. Take less — and people may not believe that your song is the product of incredible mental and emotional effort. You should also complain periodically about fatigue and writer's block. And that reminds me: we have a gentleman's agreement that no member of our society writes more than a thousand lyrics a year. We consider IL1,200,000 quite enough as extra income."

I promised on oath to keep the song-processing a secret, was sworn in at a brief but impressive ceremony, and given membership card No. 5. We dispersed at midnight after singing a chorus of "You're my plum, tum-tum-tum, and then some."

Translated by Miriam Arad
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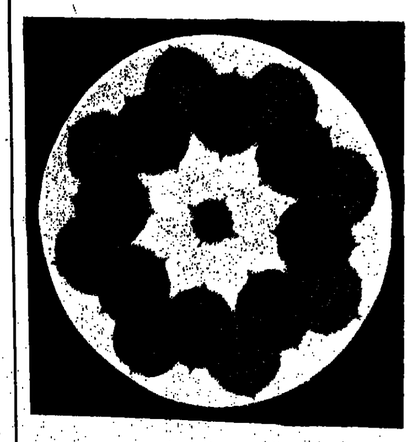

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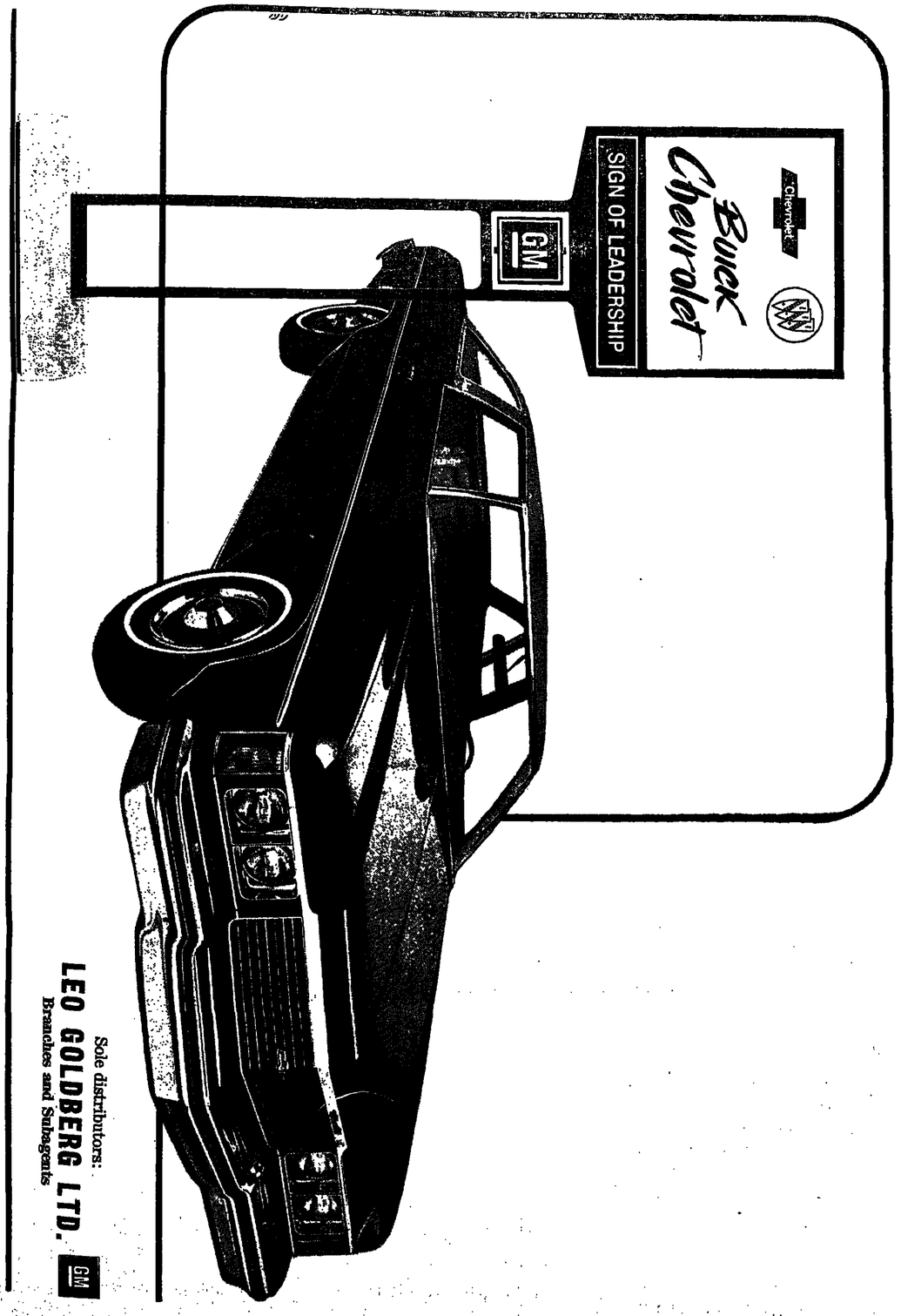

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THE EXPULSION

The exile of ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN may have sounded the death-knell of the dissident movement in the Soviet Union. This is the view of two recent immigrants from Russia, Professor Michael Zand and Georgii Svirsky, who discuss the implications of the expulsion with The Post's GEORGE LEONOF.

THERE IS AN episode in Solzhenitsyn's "First Circle" in which a group of political prisoners in a prison camp are staging a mock trial of Prince Igor, 12th century Russian hero. He is being charged with betrayal of the motherland for the destruction of his army and for falling prisoner to the nomadic Polovtsy hordes. As the prosecutor demands "the most terrible" punishment in the books — "exile from the native land" — the mock court explodes into uncontrollable laughter.

Recalling the scene, Professor Michael Zand, Hebrew University Orientalist who immigrated to Israel from Moscow in 1971, believes that however hilarious this "frightful" punishment may have appeared to the inmates of a Stalin concentration camp, the fear of exile was a very real one in Solzhenitsyn's mind.

Both Zand and Georgii Svirsky, writer and publicist who immigrated to Israel a year later, feel certain that Solzhenitsyn's expulsion from the Soviet Union is a decisive blow against the dissident democratic movement there.

"The movement has been effectively quashed," Svirsky emphasizes. "The shutdown a year ago of the 'Chronicle of Current Affairs' (an underground periodical reporting the regime's excesses and arbitrary acts which had been appearing for five years) deprived it of reliable information about what was going on. Solzhenitsyn's expulsion has stripped it of what had been an inexhaustible fount of moral courage, and of support by a literary giant who commanded the attention and respect of the whole world."

Svirsky, who was expelled from the Soviet Writers Union — for persistent denunciation of anti-Semitic trends in the organization — within months of Solzhenitsyn's ouster in 1969, says it had been clear for several years that the Kremlin would have no choice but to banish Solzhenitsyn beyond Russia's borders: "We knew that Solzhenitsyn would never agree to remain silent or moderate the tone of his writing. We also knew that the regime could not continue to tolerate the growth of the man's moral authority."

In 1968, after the appearance of "The First Circle" outside the USSR, the Writers Union summoned Solzhenitsyn, demanded that he break all contacts with foreign publishers, and denounce the publication of the "Circle" as an attempt to exploit his work for hostile anti-Soviet propaganda. "Solzhenitsyn flatly refused to make any political denunciation, although conceding that he did not authorise any of the translations which appeared at the time," says Svirsky. "He was genuinely indignant at the incompetent, slapdash translations put out by no less than four profit-chasing publishers in their race to get the book out first."

THAT MARKED the beginning of the campaign of persecution against Russia's greatest living writer, who in 1961 rocketed to fame, Svirsky adds, as a result of a unique conjuncture which permitted his sensational first book, "A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," to be published with official endorsement in the Soviet Union. But for this conflux of circumstances at a politically opportune moment, "The Day" may have led a tattered hand-to-hand existence in the literary underground for years before coming to the attention of the world. Svirsky traces the chain of events that culminated in the late Nikita Khrushchev's bulldozing the book through a stunned Politburo:

"At the turn of the 'sixties, Solzhenitsyn was visited at his home in Ryazan by Lev Kopelev, a fellow-inmate in the concentration camp where the writer had been interned. Kopelev, a philologist, suggested he should show it to a close acquaintance in Moscow who was prominent in Moscow publishing circles. The acquaintance was the late Alexandre Tvardovsky, editor of the liberal and influential literary magazine 'Novyi Mir' (New Life). As circumstance would have it, Tvardovsky was at the time highly respected by Khrushchev.

"Tvardovsky immediately recognized the power of Solzhenitsyn's work. He urged it on Khrushchev, who had his secretary read it to him aloud in his Kremlin office.

"The effect of 'The Day' on Khrushchev may be judged from the fact that he ordered copies of the book to be made and distributed to each member of the Politburo. What happened subsequently is recorded in the Politburo protocols. At one of its subsequent meetings, Khrushchev pointblank asked those assembled their opinion on publishing the work. The question was met with round-eyed silence. 'I see that you are not ready to discuss it,' Khrushchev suggested, and adjourned the meeting.

"At the next session, Khrushchev again drew nothing but silence when he asked, 'Well, did you read it? Are there any objections to its publication?' Unruffled by the quiet, he went on, 'Since there is no objection, we will pass over to the next item on the agenda.'

"Several years earlier," Svirsky believes, "Khrushchev, jolted by the Hungarian uprising, would probably have stifled the work." And a little more than a year later, Khrushchev was ranting against dissident writers and abstract artists.

Svirsky's first acquaintance with Solzhenitsyn was in 1961, at the "Novyi Mir" offices where Tvardovsky often asked him to read works submitted for publication. "As I walked into the prose department, I saw a man in a crumpled suit and with an apologetic look sitting quietly in the corner. I paid no particular attention to him, except to note that he looked like a provincial school teacher (which in fact he was). I turned in some work, and on my way out stopped to chat with a group of writers. One of them drew attention to the quiet figure in the corner: 'That's Solzhenitsyn.' We looked at him with heightened interest. No one knew just what he had brought in, but literary circles in Moscow were already buzzing with the news that some Solzhenitsyn had written a sensational book about the camps."

Solzhenitsyn's "The Gulag Archipelago," published recently in Paris.

Svirsky smiles: "I later learned that the original manuscript of "A Day" was amateurishly typed, and comprised a single paragraph from start to finish." He is less amused when he recalls that the famous Russian poetess, Anna Akhmatova, once remarked that "Solzhenitsyn has such soft features." "The softness disappeared," Svirsky says grimly, "with the changing political scene.

"The shift to the right became apparent even before Khrushchev was ousted from the premiership, although 'Novyi Mir' for some time continued to publish Solzhenitsyn's stories. A group of us tried to win approval at a meeting of the Writers Union for publication of 'The Cancer Ward,' but we knew we were fighting a losing battle. We saw that we were being confronted by an increasingly anxious regime."

PROFESSOR ZAND believes that by bundling Solzhenitsyn off into exile the Soviet regime has dealt a heavy blow to the democratic movement which possibly marks the start of more unabashed measures to get rid of its leaders. Hitherto they had resorted to threats, arrests on various pretexts, formal trials and incarceration in mental homes. They had also experimented with a form of "voluntary exile" whereby troublesome dissidents were permitted to leave the country either for "permanent residence" abroad or were deprived of their Soviet citizenship once they had gone. The latter included Valeri Chalidze, a physicist who was secretary in Dr. Andrei Sakharov's Committee for the Defence of Civil Rights, the geneticist Zhores Medvedev whose son continues to live in the USSR; the writer Andrei Sinyavsky and, most recently — a day after Solzhenitsyn's exile — the author Vladimir Maximov.

SOLZHENITSYN, who would not compromise, finally forced the regime to resort to compulsory exile without even the pretence of a legal trial. "They were afraid to give him the right to talk even at a closed trial, because here, too, the proceedings become known."

"The Soviet authorities believe that the dissident leaders will be far less effective abroad," he said. "I think they have correctly appraised the situation, and have struck at the right moment:

"The U.S. Administration is no less interested in a detente than the Kremlin and seeks by every means to defeat or circumvent the Jackson Amendment; Kissinger has already declared that Solzhenitsyn's expulsion is an internal Soviet matter. Europe is in the grips of the energy crisis and hardly has time for anything else. Brandt, in particular, is practically a collaborator in Solzhenitsyn's banishment.

"Only two small countries have had the courage to speak up. Holland has made a formal protest to Moscow from a position of human rights, and Switzerland has offered Solzhenitsyn unconditional asylum — without, that is, restricting him from political activity."

Zand energetically denies that violation of human rights by any country can be considered its internal affair, particularly when a country is signatory to the Declaration of Human Rights, as is Russia. Moreover, he points out that Soviet law formally gives every citizen the right to live where he chooses, including outside the USSR.

With regard to the democratic movement in Russia, which he now sees as doomed, Zand says it had never extended to more than a thin layer of the intellectual elite who could be classified in four groups: the Liberal movement, which demanded that organs of the Soviet regime act strictly in accordance with Soviet law; the Pragmatists, with no clearly defined ideology, whose main concern was to ease the plight of the many detained in camps, by compiling lists of prisoners, organising all possible juridical assistance; the Neo-Marxists, who maintained that Marxism was not essentially evil but suffered from incorrect application of its principles, and, finally, the Neo-Christians, who urged that Russia be rebuilt on the basis of true Christianity.

None of these groups have survived the onslaught of the repressive measures which were launched in earnest in 1968. The latest tactics, aimed at decapitating dissident movements by expulsion of its leaders, is the final stage of this attack.

Zand is convinced that Solzhenitsyn is a true Russian whose one fervent aim is a Russia without slaves and tyrants. "I can only wish him the strength of spirit to continue the struggle, but I fear that his bonds with his native land will weaken as he becomes cut off from his friends, and his awareness of everyday events and developments diminishes."

As to the effect on the Jewish struggle in the USSR of the destruction of the democratic movement, Zand concedes a definite tie between the two. But the Jewish struggle was the more successful because the Jews sought repatriation to their homeland, not reforms within Russia. To the extent that it created a ferment within the country, the democratic movement helped them achieve this aim.

TO BE FREE

CANDLE IN THE WIND (The light which is in thee) A play by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, translated by Keith Armes in association with Arthur C. Hudgins, with an introduction by Keith Armes, pp 3-18, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis. 141 pp. $9.95.

Joyce Miller

SOLZHENITSYN wrote "Candle in the Wind" at the time that he was working on "The First Circle" — in 1960, when he was teaching maths and physics at a secondary school in Ryazan. The play was accepted by the Vakhtangov Theatre and the Komosol Theatre, but it was not put into production. Solzhenitsyn's other play "The Greenhorn and the Camp Whore," had met a similar fate: written in 1954, soon after the writer's release from the camps, this play actually went into rehearsal at the Moscow theatre, Sovremenik, in 1962, but it did not reach the public. Professor Armes' translation is the first English-language publication of "The Candle in the Wind" and the edition is authorized by the dramatist himself. The publisher claims that the play provides "an exceptionally comprehensive statement of Solzhenitsyn's philosophy." It is certainly a "drama of ideas," raising perennial problems relating to freedom and power, to love, sexuality and marriage within the explicit context of twentieth century science and technology.

Armes comments in the Introduction: "Solzhenitsyn has always been greatly interested in the theatre: after graduating from secondary school in 1936 he applied to enter a drama institute in Rostov in order to train as an actor, but was rejected on medical grounds owing to a chronic throat ailment" (Armes, p. 3). Solzhenitsyn has also written a screen play, "The Tanks Know the Truth," which, like his plays, has not been published or performed in the Soviet Union.

Solzhenitsyn has not set his play in the Soviet Union. Professor Armes reports that "in an interview which he gave in March 1967 to the Slovak journalist Pavel Licko...Solzhenitsyn said of the play that he had tried to write a drama remote from politics and outside a national milieu. "The action takes place in an unknown country at an unspecified period, and the heroes have international names. I did not do this in order to conceal my thought. I wanted to treat the moral problems of society in the developed countries, independently of whether they are capitalist or socialist... (that is, both represent the most advanced part of humanity.'"

Solzhenitsyn seems to see at the heart of these problems the question of whether man's organic potential may enable him to find their solution. At a central point of the action, the audience is confronted with an imposing model of the human brain. The passage merits exact citation:

PROFESSOR TERBOLM:... Let's take the brain. (The room goes dark. A model of the human brain lights up on a sphere one can see a great number of flickering points. The interior of the sphere is dark.) The cells are all connected together (Shining living threads transecting the interior of the sphere begin to flash on and off.)

It is only thanks to these free connections (my italics) that the organism is able to survive by successfully resisting external destructive forces and recovering from injury. If, on the other hand, the connections are subjected to strict control (all the points and threads on the model freeze into immobility) development is arrested and life itself is threatened. In the same way, human society has to be capable of withstanding the destructive forces to which it is exposed.

The model of the brain is then contrasted by the Professor with a model offering a schematic representation of the decision-making forces in society — a rigid pyramidal artefact which, as the Professor comments, is not like anything *anywhere in nature.*

This fundamental opposition of total and fluid adaptability within a volatile field to inflexible, predetermined responses within a non-volatile, rigidly articulated structure, presents a polarity which is basic to all that happens in the play. Flexibility and openness to experience is equated by Terbolm with freedom and successful growth; rigidity and closure with subjugation and decay.

THE PLOT of the play turns on the question of how scientists should use computers in the service of society. The computer presents a paradigm of the human brain and neurological system. The machine, like the brain, rapidly assembles given data of experience in order to assess the nature of the field; in the most complex computers this is done in order to formulate all possible responses to the data, as well as to predict consequences. Hence, the computer is not only capable of storing and classifying information, but also of solving problems objectively — social and personal problems as well as mathematical and physical. The discipline evolving and systematising these neuro-*logical* laws is known as *cybernetics*. Professor Terbolm is working in *socio*-cybernetics, which aims at programming society (and the state) in order to serve the individual — hence perfecting what is called at another point in the play the "most imperfect thing on earth" (human society) for the advancement of "the most perfect thing on earth" (the human being).

Another scientist in the place, Professor Philip Radagiss inverts Terbolm's purpose. Philip's work in *bio*-cybernetics aims at programming the individual so that he will adjust to the social structure in which he finds himself — in Terbolm's view, damaging the perfect through the imposition of structure, in order to ensure the continuance of the imperfect. Philip obtains substantial support from the establishment: Terbolm does not. Surprised? As well as constituting a theme (recurrent in Solzhenitsyn's work) on the danger of surrendering human rights to a technocratic elite which is yoked to the service of these in power, the conflict between the two professors also provides the play with a significant sub-plot. The institutional world that we are shown is, alas, all too familiar — a picture of intrigue and spite.

A profound moral dimension is added to this conflict by Alex Coriel, the namesake (and perhaps the mouthpiece) of his creator. Alex has returned to his relatives, friends and colleagues from an 18-year absence (reminiscent of the dramatist's experiences) — four years of army service; nine years in a desert prison for a crime of which he is innocent; five years of voluntary, contemplative exile in an isolated village. He feels that these years have been fruitful, for he sees "suffering as a lever for the soul." He has emerged with faith in man's inner moral law, universal and ineluctable.

But the world of volatile field concepts — for Philip as well as for Terbolm — is a world of relativity. Alex is told by his circle that morality too is become relative. The most basic taboos, such as those against murder and rape, have been shown to be ultimately contingent upon the social milieu from which they spring. An African scientist, Kabimba, is a reminder of the presence in the wings of pre-industrial, ritualistic societies. Only Terbolm is willing to hazard that "perhaps there is a law, but it takes thousands of years before it becomes clear to us." The others do not accept this as a logical possibility.

We come here upon a second basic polarity, and one that is paradoxical. The advancement of humanity is seen to depend on the correct use of science. But the play's action and its argument both suggest that it may be impossible for human society to use science and its computers correctly. Technology corrupts. Moreover, Kabimba emphasizes that these sophisticated techniques appear to be irrelevant to his homeland's problems. Thus, Alex's assertion of simple faith gains stature. There is much in the play to suggest that Solzhenitsyn sees ultimate good in primitive life, divested even of electricity or running water, with a tin mug instead of fine china. For such simplicity seems to allow the spirit to flourish, whereas the materialistic hedonism of our consumer society stifles it. The play's action flaunts conspicuous and heartless consumption of goods — "the slaving to earn ducats in order to squander them." This Alex cannot suffer and he goes into retreat again. The play has its Christian saint, too — Aunt Christine, old, poor, and eccentric, who, like Matryona in Solzhenitsyn's famous story, redeems society and ensures its continuance. The play is more complex than the story, but the closing lines of the narrator in "Matryona's Home" are relevant, if Solzhenitsyn's temper of mind is to be understood:

We all lived beside her and did not understand that she was that very righteous person without whom, as the proverb has it, the village cannot stand.
Nor the town.
Nor our entire land.

In some respects, the play goes beyond the story; for it at least affirms the possibility that in essence Science *may ultimately* not be inimical to a simplicity of this order. In this limited sense, the final outcome of the play may be said to be affirmative, or at least is a remarkable piece of work. Worth reading, certainly. To bring it to life on the stage would demand, I think, some restructuring and considerable theatrical flair. For Solzhenitsyn has given us a mingle-mangle of theatrical conventions and devices. The scene moves carelessly from descriptions of cumbersome naturalistic sets, to intimate close-ups, concurrent and impressionist sequences, even to sudden wide-angle scenic views in the manner of a film camera. Its most impressive effect, for instance — the large models with which I opened this discussion — are inserted in sudden surrealist fashion in a naturalistic dialogue. All this would have to be unified in some way to make theatrical sense. But there are several vital visual effects. And Solzhenitsyn weaves so subtle a mesh of music and sound into the action that perhaps drama (or at least cinema) may prove to be as much his medium as is the novel.

SOLZHENITSYN'S BID at creating an international drama does not quite succeed. In his treatment of Alda he reveals a limitation which is surely the result of his environment. Only in the Soviet Union would a man of Alex's temperament and conviction propose that his cousin should be the subject of Philip's experiments. Alda is clearly neurotic; we expect persons in such states of anxiety to find help at psycho-therapeutic clinics. For Western audiences this might constitute a serious weakness, if Alex's decision strains the credibility of the action.

I doubt too that in a representative group of Western scientists, *all* would display such contempt for religion. But even as a play with Russian roots, the universal implications of "Candle in the Wind" are unmistakeable.

At present, of course, any work by Solzhenitsyn must have special meaning for us. In Alex's impassioned cry:

We took a marvel of nature and turned it into a stone! And I can already hear officers' boots stamping down the corridors! Permit me to be — free!

we cannot but hear the voice of Solzhenitsyn, hero-dissident and perhaps martyr. For is not "suffering a lever for the soul"? In a Russian setting the phrase acquires fresh meanings.

No present national state on earth, not least our own, can afford to ignore that cry. Terbolm may be right that we either find organic routes to freedom or perish. Whether Alex is right, that such freedom is to be sought in ancient sources of faith and whether this freedom is to be associated with technology, is the profound and painful riddle with which Solzhenitsyn leaves us.

Struggling to become a mentsh

In January, two American Jewish writers, CYNTHIA OZICK and NORMA ROSEN, visited Israel in the programme of visits that the Foreign Ministry has been sponsoring to make American writers and other intellectuals aware of the Israeli scene since the Yom Kippur War. ROCHELLE FURSTENBERG, a Jerusalem free-lance writer, spent some time with them and interviewed them.

THEIR VISIT at this time was significant. Much of what they had written was relevant to our recent experiences. In particular, Cynthia Ozick's vision of the Jewish condition came to my mind frequently during the Yom Kippur War. In her essay for the symposium on "Living in Two Cultures," published in the Jewish student magazine "Response," she had described the feeling which many of us came to experience during the war: the temptation of even the committed Jew to want to escape his dreadful fate and consciousness of his history, the temptation of sinking into the natural, fleeing from holiness, and being like other nations. As one waited to hear the fate of friends and family, of the whole nation, during the war, one wanted to cry, as the "worldly voices" Mrs. Ozick records so well: "Oh, oh, if only I were well out of this, if I too could be 'other,' not subject to the irrational flaw endemic in the planet." Yet she affirms in that essay, and we are inspired to affirm, too, the painful, conscience-laden history of the Jews over the natural, easy way out of tribal amnesia.

And then Mrs. Ozick and her good friend, Norma Rosen, were in Jerusalem underscoring this affirmation by their participation in Israel's fate in painful, historic times. Participating all the more, perhaps, for their imaginative involvement in Jewish history.

MRS. OZICK'S manner is disarming in its sweet attentiveness. But beneath the accommodating surface one soon discerns an audacious mind leaping through Jewish history and ideas, ruthlessly welding together a vision of the fears and concerns of 2,000 years of Exile. Describing the train of associations which the news of the war evoked on Yom Kippur, Mrs. Ozick said:

"It was my father's story that came to mind. My father died five years ago. He used to tell about a near-pogrom in his home town in Russia where the goyim, led by a 'bad' priest, hunted down the Jews. The Jews ran to the shul (synagogue) and locked themselves in for protection. Fortunately, a 'good' priest eventually came and convinced the goyim to disband. But as I sat in the synagogue in New Rochelle on Yom Kippur it was the claustrophobia of those Jews locked in the shul at the mercy of the goyim that I felt." Cynthia Ozick does not exclude Israel from her palpitating vision of Jewish history as "an ongoing and perpetual pogrom."

NORMA ROSEN questions this. The pointed, probing face under the brown velour hat is that of a discreet New York intellectual. Critical, funny, she has of late become very interested in learning about Jewish ideas. Her vision is less apocalyptic than Mrs. Ozick's. She can't see Israel as victim in the same way that those Jews locked in the shul were victims.

"A victim can't fight back," she argues. "Why can't we see this as a border dispute such as other countries have had with their neighbours. A pogrom means you are helpless. Israel is not helpless. It can fight back. Maybe it's just a temperamental thing on my part," she confessed, "but I can't feel I'm helpless. I just can't function if I don't know what to do."

Mrs. Ozick's reaction to this was to analyze the difference between war and pogrom. "The aim of war," she said, "is to defeat a nation; of a pogrom, to annihilate, to destroy a nation. War is over an issue, territories, economic pressures; a pogrom is over the existence of a people." The Yom Kippur War seemed clearly to be a pogrom in Mrs. Ozick's eyes.

Both women confessed to having been quite depressed in the U.S. about Israel's situation. They derided the uncommitted pragmatism of one magazine editor who saw the situation here as just so much more grist for his mill, and said that "interest in Israel was at the bottom of its peak." But in their first few days here they had found life much less depressing than expected. Mrs. Ozick also found that, on the whole, Israelis were much more willing to understand the other side than she herself was.

Cynthia Ozick: an audacious mind leaping through Jewish history.

At the same time that she identified with Israel's plight so thoroughly, she also expressed some resentment at the Israelis' lack of concern about the Diaspora and its struggle for cultural survival. In her view, the two survivals are interdependent, important to Jewish survival as a whole. The Ben-Gurion view that the only good Jew is he who comes to live in Israel undermines the hopes for the revitalization of Diaspora Jewish culture which Mrs. Ozick called for in her paper, "America: Towards Yavneh" (reprinted here on August 7, 1970, after she had delivered it at the American Israel Dialogue, sponsored by the American Jewish Congress, in Rehovot). The New Yavneh, she felt, would produce a new "liturgical" literature which was "essentially Jewish," one which would have a "choral voice, a communal voice: the echo of the voice of the Lord of History." This new liturgical literature would turn away from the American Jewish writer's concern with the sociological, living quality of Jews in the Diaspora and begin to struggle with the idea of Judaism.

WHILE DISCUSSING this conception of a Jewish literature written for the tribe, from within the tradition and community, Mrs. Ozick asserted that, by nature of what has traditionally been the Jewish approach, this new literature must depict a history.

"It must also have a human face," Mrs. Rosen interposed. Mrs. Ozick concurred. "Jewish writing is outside the Form for Form's Sake tradition." She said, "Norma's first book, 'Joy to Levine,' is a Jewish book," Mrs. Ozick pointed out, "because it deals with the main character's struggle to become a *mentsh*."

"The main character just happens to be Jewish" said Norma, indicating that at the time she wrote the book she didn't have explicitly Jewish commitments.

"But the idea of becoming, of free will," contended Cynthia, "is a Jewish idea."

When I protested that this was true of every good novel, she laughed, "Well, everything good comes from the Jewish tradition." She then went on to clarify that the Jewish emphasis is always on conduct, on decisions made, on the consequences of those decisions.

Mrs. Rosen expanded upon this concept of a literature based on Jewish tradition and outlook when we discussed the American Jewish writing scene.

"One becomes a writer out of observing," Mrs. Rosen reflected, "The American Jewish writer has lived off the observation of a rich and complicated Jewish life around him. The rich, Jewish world he has observed has not come of itself. It has its roots in a long tradition and culture, and our Jewish writers drew from this cultural bank. Eventually though, the roots decayed. It still left a rich surface, but now the surface is also wearing thin. It is wearing thin not only because so many writers have written about it, but because generations of Jews have been unaware of their tradition, of the roots underneath the surface.

"Anti-Semitic Jewish literature, for example, stems from the fact that many Jewish writers see only the now debased Jewish life and have no idea of the great Jewish ideas that once fed Jewish life. I feel that Jewish writers have to put Jewish values back into that cultural bank. That's where I begin. I want to learn about the Jewish tradition. I don't know how far it will take me but I am open to it."

While living in Boston the past few years, Mrs. Rosen attended the Saturday night classes of Rabbi Joseph B. Soloveitchik. Impressed by the deep perceptions Jewish learning can yield, she seems put off by what she feels to be the position of woman in Halachic Judaism.

"Norma is like Rabbi Akiva," Mrs. Ozick glowed. Norma laughed. "I grew up a typical New York Jew without any special commitment." she explained. (In her essay in the "Living in Two Cultures" symposium in "Response," Mrs. Rosen said that she was born to Jewish parents of "immaculate conception," i.e. that she came through without any heritage.) "But my husband comes from a strong Jewish background. He's a Viennese Jew whose family was killed in the Holocaust. Also, we want our children to have a Jewish education. All this has brought me to this Jewish involvement. Anyway, learning interests me, in general. Why not Jewish learning? Of course," Norma nodded to her friend across the table, "Cynthia has been an influence. She's a writer who thinks theology."

"But how does one get writers steeped in Jewish ideas?" I asked.

Norma answered without hesitation: "Only through Jewish education. Without Jewish education there is no possibility of a really Jewish literature."

BUT THEN the converse question arose as to whether the yeshivot where Jewish learning takes place don't suppress the writing impulse. Doesn't the old antagonism between the Jewish point of view and the aesthetic one come to focus? Don't yeshivot direct their students' creativity into more traditional channels like the study of Talmud?

Mrs. Ozick felt that a person who is born to be a writer will not be suppressed. "Perhaps," she said, "when all Jewish creativity went into the study of Talmud, that used to happen, but today, when the options are open, someone who has the gift of writing is not suppressible."

"Perhaps it isn't suppressible because one must be somewhat of a rebel to be an artist," Mrs. Rosen argued, "There is an element of disobedience in the artistic act."

Mrs. Ozick disagreed with this: "That is a point of view inherited from the Romantics," she said, contending that before the Romantics the artist wasn't an individual fighting the society. He wrote from within the community. "The only way to have a Jewish literature is from within the Jewish community," Mrs. Ozick declared. "We have to give up the subversive element."

"And are there young Jewish writers in America who see themselves as writing from within the community and tradition?" I asked.

"Writers like Hugh Lissenson and Arthur A. Cohen are writing what they think is Jewish theology," Mrs. Ozick answered, "but what really attracts them is the pagan underside in Jewish ideas." Mrs. Ozick regards the recent appeal of mysticism to young Jewish writers as an attraction to this "pagan underside."

This is consistent with a view that finds strong antagonism between two streams in Judaism: one that she refers to as monotheism, and the other as the mystic one. In monotheism — which she feels to be the essence of Judaism — the realm of God is clearly defined, is above the natural world and superimposed norms upon the natural world. Mono-theism, she feels, advocates conscience and judgment on the natural flow of life, clarification and differentiation between things, rather than a merging with the natural world, a blurring of differences between man and God, a pantheism which calls everything god. It is this, she feels, which makes the Jewish religion suspicious of giving in to the sensual, the aesthetic.

Mrs. Ozick has a deep awareness of the conflict between the assumptions of monotheism and those of aesthetics. It is the aesthetic, pagan side of mysticism which she feels attracts these young writers. "I keep on returning to the passage of Deuteronomy, 'The hidden things are the Lord's'," she said. "There's an anti-mysticism — an agnosticism about the mysteries — in the Jewish religion."

Conversely, she said, there is an anti-monotheism inherent in mysticism. Referring to the Sabbatean movement and its successors as the great watershed which infused mystic, pagan, streams into modern Jewish history, Mrs. Ozick exclaimed: "These young writers are all Sabbateans!" (Our interview took place after Mmes. Ozick and Rosen had spent an hour conversing with Professor Gershom Scholem.)

WITH HER clearly intellectual and somewhat comfortless vision of monotheism, Mrs. Ozick has cut through Jewish history with her paradigmatic sword. She admits, though, that there has never been an untainted monotheism. But, she says with a sigh, "Perhaps if we strive for the real thing, we might, at least get half way."

A well-defined conception of Judaism in hand, Mrs. Ozick approaches Jewish writing with the same demands for explicit Jewish values in the writing. In the dialectic between a literature of explicit Jewish ideas and values, and one of implied patterns of Jewish value that comes from depicting life among Jews, both women lay emphasis on the former. From this perspective neither Cynthia Ozick nor Norma Rosen feels that the Israeli writing they know from translation is particularly Jewish.

Bidding in Bridge

PRECISION BIDDING & PRECISION PLAY: by Terence Reese. London, W. H. Allen, £2.00.

George E. Levinrew

TERENCE REESE of Great Britain is an eminent bridge analyst and writer, and also a member of the outstanding British Precision Team. Inevitably, he has written an advanced text on Precision.

When Charles Goren published in 1971 the first comprehensive analysis of Precision, many of the conventions had not been fully tested. When Eric Jannersten of Sweden in 1972 wrote his text, he modified some of Goren's proposals and incorporated some of the methods of the world famous Italian Pair, Giorgio Belladonna and Benito Garozzo. Further theoretical and practical analyses were made by the British Precision Team, and this has been included by Reese in his comprehensive description of the system.

Regardless of modifications the basic structure remains. It includes an artificial strong forcing opening one club bid, limited opening bids in other suits, and defined responses and rebids.

Building in bridge is limited within the framework of an auction ladder to only 38 things that can be said. At any one time one seldom has a meaningful choice of more than three or four bids. Reese highlights the shades of meaning in Precision with more illustrations than previous writers have used, and he is more comprehensive in the scope of his illustrations.

Those who want to learn this language — and this is by no means easy — would do well not only to study Reese's book, but to compare his proposals with those of Goren and Jannersten.

Stoatally different

THE BRAND NEW MONTY PYTHON BOK. Eyre, Matheun, London, £1.99. 100 pp.

Ian A. Wiener

THIS IS TERRIBLY SILLY — do you honestly think that *The Jerusalem Post* will even print this silly review of the triffle "New Monty Python Bok"? This manuscript might already be in the waste paper bin — some may say that's where the new Monty P. Bok also belongs — however, such acrimony I prefer to disregard.

Hands up all those who don't know what (please note — "*not who*") Monty Python is. Mercy! So many uninitiated people. Well here's the lowdown. The B.B.C. in a moment of frivolity let loose six talented screwballs on the TV screens of the unsuspecting British public and since that day in 1969, the majority of the under-nineties in the U.K. haven't looked back; but in fact look forward every week to their half-hour trip into the zany, comic, un-orthodox minds of Messrs. Palin, Chapman, Cleese, Idle, Jones and Gilliam.

MONTY PYTHON'S Flying Circus, to give it its full title, is an excuse for visual mind-bending contained in an extravaganza of intellectual twaddle — pure undiluted insanity there in colour every week on the goggle box. So you may ask how can you transfer such ingenuity and verve into cold print? A very good question. Completely silly though and I'm going to choose to ignore it and hope it goes away.

Yes, they've done it again. After the success of Monty Python's Big Red Book, (incidentally, a runner-up to the Bible in the 1972 Best Seller Lists and recipient of the Neasden Book Of The Year Award), Eyre & Methuen have brought to light England's answer to Richard Nixon. The rib-tickler-of-the-year in which you learn how to take out your appendix on the Piccadilly Line or find out how to rub your stomach up against a famous TV personality.

All tastes are created for in this masterpiece of modern mythology.

There is even a page written especially for people who like figures of speech, "for the few fans of litotes and those with no small interest in meiosis, for the infinite millions of hyperbole-lovers, for those fond of hypallage, and the epithet's golden transfer, for those who fall willingly into the arms of the metaphor, those who give up the ghost, bury their heads in the sand and ride roughshod over the mixed metaphor, and even those of hyperbaton the friends. It will be too, for those who reprehend the malapropism; who love the wealth of metonymy; for all friends of rhetoric and syllepsis; and zeugmatists with smiling eyes and hearts. It will bring a large absence of unsatisfactory malevolence to periphrastic fans; a wig harm hello to spoonerists; and in no small measure a not less than splendid greeting to you circumlocutors. The World adores prosopopeiasts, and the friendly faces of synechdochists, and can one not make those amorous of anacoluthon understand that if they are not satisfied by this, what is to happen to them? It will attempt to really welcome all splitters of infinitives, all who are Romeo and Juliet to antonomasia, those who drink up similes like sparkling champagne, who lose nothing compared with comparison heads, self-evident axiomists, all pithy aphorists, apothegemists, maximiles, theorists, epigrammatists and even gnomists. And as for the lovers of aposiopesis — ! It will wish bienvenu to all classical adherents of euphuism, all metathesistic birds, golden paranomasiasts covered in guilt, fallacious paralogists, tropists, anagogists, and anaphorists; to great, welcome, embrace asyndeton buffs, while the lovers of ellipsis will be well-met and its followers embraced, as will be chronic worshippers of catachresis and supporters of anastrophe the world over."

The last paragraph was quite boring and I can almost hear the editor telling me to stop. So if you really want to find out what's going on you'll have to buy the book, or steal it as I did!

Young Nigerian Ulysses

THE POTTER'S WHEEL, by Chukwuemeka Ike. The Harvill Press, London, 1973. £2.25, 222 pp.

Fay Lipshitz

AMONG THE EMERGENT West African novelists writing in English is Chukwuemeka Ike, whose first two novels, "Toads for supper" and "The naked gods" have been acclaimed for their satire and social comedy. His latest novel, "The potter's wheel," should consolidate his reputation.

Set in a fictitious Nigerian village, its hero is eight-year-old Obuechina Madaubuchi, who is the hope and joy of his parents, having redeemed them from the shame of producing only girl children. He cheerfully accepts the benefits of his fortunate position, to the resentment and envy of his sisters. His rosy world is shattered, however, when he is sent away as servant to the dreaded Teacher and Madam, to temper his "hot brain" and wild nature with some stern discipline. In the tradition of such tales of "King Thrushbeard" and "The Taming of the Shrew," Obu is chastened by harsh treatment, and returns to his village for Christmas, able to understand the importance of education to release him from the bonds of ignorance and superstition.

THE NOVEL is set during the period of World War II, but the events that were shaking Europe are remote from the tranquil village life, the villagers' only participation in the war being the collecting of palm kernels and rubber for the war effort. This, was also before the emergence of African nationalism began to upset the foundations of colonialism, and Mr. Ike shows, in his restrained, humorous way, how the colonial experience had resulted in the Africans' acceptance of the inferiority of their own way of life. Thus the white District Commissioner is to them almost a demigod, while, simultaneously, the celebration of Empire Day at the village school seems to us ridiculous and very remote from the villagers' realities.

The book is extremely funny. Mr. Ike has a marvellous gift for character description, which is strengthened by the names the characters give each other ("Better late than never," "We shall see"). The idiomatic expressions, too, in translation, are strange and wonderful to the Western reader. But apart from adding to the book's humour, the idiom combines with references to the

world of spirits and magic which form part of the African religion, to create a medley of colour where poetry and magic combine in a unified world.

Obu's decision at the novel's end, to return to the awful Teacher and Madam in order to be able, in time, to "drink tea with the white man" indicates the beginnings of a movement away from the traditions of the past, of "eating goat meat, drinking palm wine and dancing with masquerades." In time, this move towards education and the adoption of the white man's mores would, for the African, result in a renewed pride in his roots, consolidated by his encounters, through education, with the outside world.

Out of the dilemma

GRAVITY'S RAINBOW by Thomas Pynchon, London, Jonathan Cape, Ltd., 760 pp. IL3.95.

SADNESS by Donald Barthelme. London, Jonathan Cape, Ltd. 183 pp. IL2.50.

WORLD WITHOUT END, AMEN by Jimmy Breslin. New York, The Viking Press. 329 pp. $6.95.

Evelyn Strouse

"... OH DEAR, YES," says the third of three voices — his own — that E.M. Forster listens to in "Aspects of the Novel," "the novel tells a story." I wonder what sort of drooping, regretful third voice would say to Thomas Pynchon's "Gravity's Rainbow," or even — though it's a collection of short stories — to Donald Barthelme's "Sadness"? Would it reject a story which, as in the first volume is so fragmented, dense and centrifugal that the threads are as scrambled as the embroidery silk your cat got into? Or which, as in the second, is so dry, intellectual and removed that the threads are barely glimpsed before they are spirited once again into the magician's pen-wiper? As for Jimmy Breslin's "World Without End, Amen," yes, it tells a story, but it neither enriches nor engages the reader. Rather it exploits the lascriviousness and voyeurism that lurk in all of us. Messrs. Pynchon and Barthelme are makers with intelligence, integrity, and wit; Mr. Breslin is a writer (or, as Truman Capote once said about somebody else, "not a writer, a typist") willing to boil the pot.

ALTHOUGH all three works of fiction have been produced by American authors, they neither resemble one another nor offer similar solutions to the dilemma of living and writing today. And yet each one has grown out of and is branded with this dilemma. To deal briefly with the least of them, the novel "World Without End, Amen" probably could not have been published even as recently as ten years ago, at least without expurgating more than half of its verbiage — the half that is four-letter Anglo-Saxon; while in paying lip-service to the tribulations of the Irish it further stamps itself with the violence that brutalizes our lives. It uses Breslin's ample newspaper knowledge of New York and its seamy streets as a springboard from which the hero-cop, Dermot Davey, dives into Belfast and the Irish revolution, whose beleaguered participants Breslin turns into a simplistic gang of superstitious tipplers, spouting stock communist jargon under wall-size posters of Che Guevara.

But the sprawling, baroque, esoteric compendium entitled "Gravity's Rainbow" is a fodestar of our modern tragedy: the chaos and corruption that headline our newspapers, highlight our newscasts, and dog our daily lives underlie each scene, work upon each character, and throb in the banshee accompaniment of bombs, missiles, rockets dropped or dropping on every roof, disfiguring the sky with flames. Perhaps Thomas Pynchon has written a masterpiece; certainly his erudition, his imaginative ribaldry, his mad invention signal an uncommon mind and talent. He has as much fun as Joyce had with words, although he invents none, and, in fact, in the sense of T. S. Eliot's objective correlative, his novel is pervaded with his debt to "Ulysses." The very first chapter, introducing us to "Pirate" Prentice about to provide his colleagues with a banana breakfast, instantly recalls "Stately, plump Buck Mulligan" preparing for Stephen Daedalus his morning eggs and tea. Neither Prentice nor Mulligan is the central figure, but each serves as a kind of confessor. Both novels are far too rich for quick or continuous consumption; they must be tasted and savoured and laid aside, with "Gravity's Rainbow" demanding a longer digestive period even than "Ulysses." Partly this is because of the ceaseless counterpoint in Pynchon's novel — from bombed-out dream to Pavlovian laboratory to transvestite officer's quarters, from England to Africa to Asia, from madcap farce to cold-eyed killing; and partly it is because of the huge cast of drifters, dancers, schemers, perverts, aspirers — none of them stock, all of them breathing but in some way twisted — who compete for the reader's attention. This is a book to be bought and — who knows — treasured as landmark fiction of the latter half of the twentieth century.

Donald Barthelme, on the other hand, writing in frozen horror as he contemplates the world he lives in, is no less afflicted but is less inflicting. No flames redden his sky, no bombs scream in his ears; death in its usual form does not threaten. Instead he plunges our personal demons into a piquant version of hell. He is grimly funny, sardonic, isolated. And yet in a strange way this group of stories, "Sadness," is the obverse of Pynchon's coin: the terror has so overwhelmed Barthelme that he shuts it out, whereas Pynchon, equally terrorized, helplessly records it. Each of the Barthelme stories is a distortion of the unmentionable: genius making an inventory of genius, conversations in which one talks only to oneself, a city whose every building is a church where only sinners dwell. He imagines Paul Klee as an engineer-private bewitched by painting and chocolate, invents an Impressario who places a volcano under contract. Gradually we see that he is adding piece after brilliant piece to a kaleidoscope whose shifts and distortions we are powerless to control and from whose emergence out of this great beast of a world we shrink in recognition.

For auld Ireland

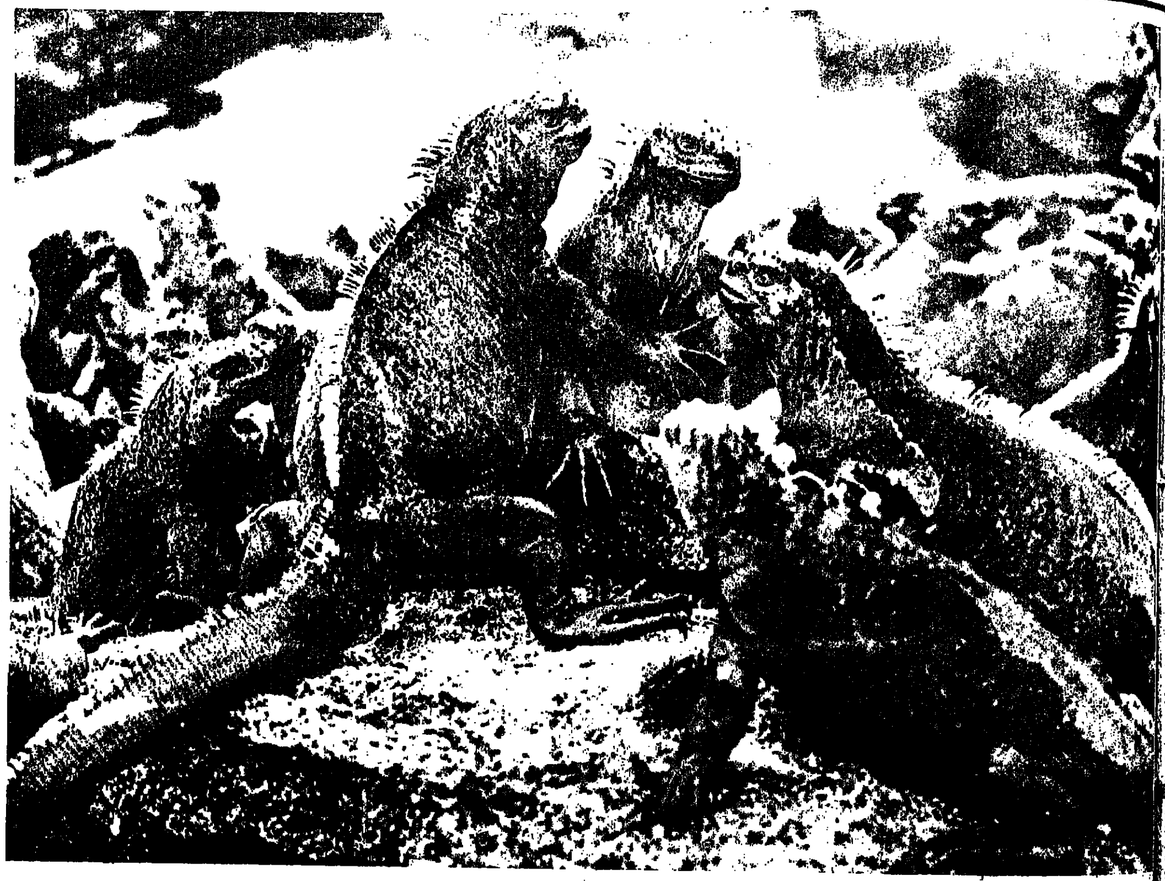
THE WHOREMONGER by Shaun Herron. Evans. New York. 284 pp. $6.95.

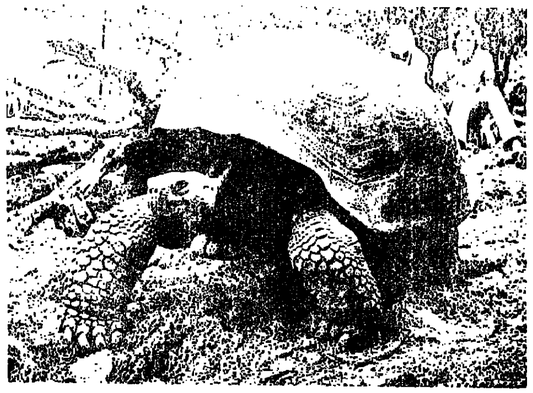
Philip Gillon

SHAUN HERRON'S "The Whoremonger" is another very fine book about a tortured society. This time it is Ireland that provides the setting. Herron writes with speed, ferocity and passionate identification; he depicts the Irish terror with the hatred of a Goya painting war. The theme is simple, even slight: John McManus, a romantic young University student, with a fine physique, has been inculcated by his lecturers with wild, mad, bad Irish dreams of national independence and personal heroism. He joins the I.R.A. in Belfast — and finds himself under the command of psychopaths, sadists, crooks and practitioners of every sort of conceivable evil.

So he runs — and is pursued. By various stratagems he gets to Eire, and then on to England. His pursuers rape and murder his sister for the glory of auld Ireland; eventually they track him down, together with an American girl.

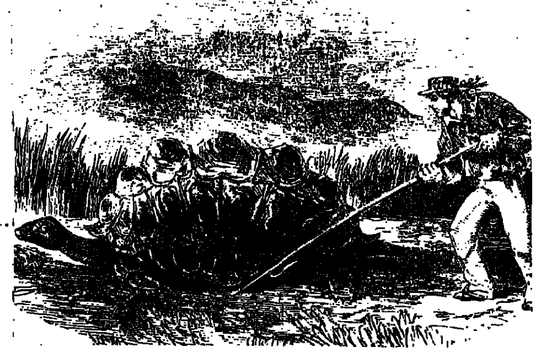
Whether the description of the Irish terrorists is accurate I cannot say: the book is so well written that it carries absolute conviction but this does not prove that the picture is true. One certainly emerges convinced that teaching history in schools should be forbidden and that terrorism is the ultimate evil, worse than any wrong it strives to correct.





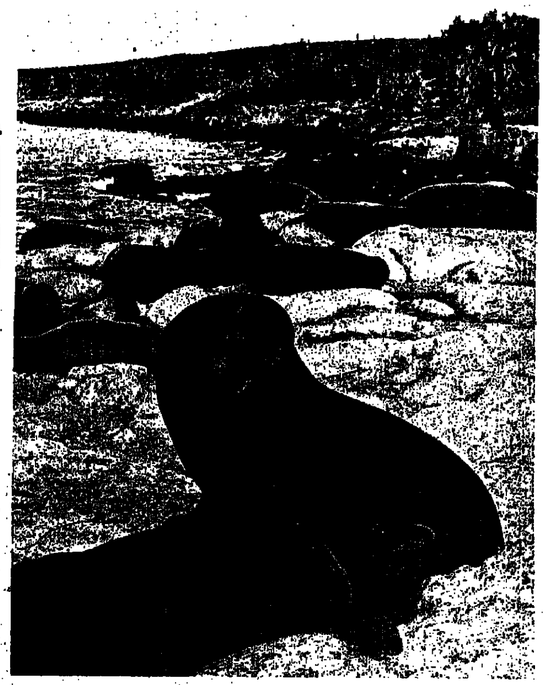
The enormous Galapagos tortoises. Darwin's crew (below) discovered tortoise was good eating and overturned them with boat-hooks to render them helpless.

(Left) Living fossils. A colony of marine iguanas, the only seagoing lizards in the world. (Above) A land iguana, "Oscar," who comes when called. He loved Aliza's yellow Kodak film packs.



Colonies of sea-lions sun themselves on the rocky coastline of the islands.

(Above, left) A flightless cormorant. (Above, right) Pelican. (Below) Bartolome Island.



Aliza in Wonderland

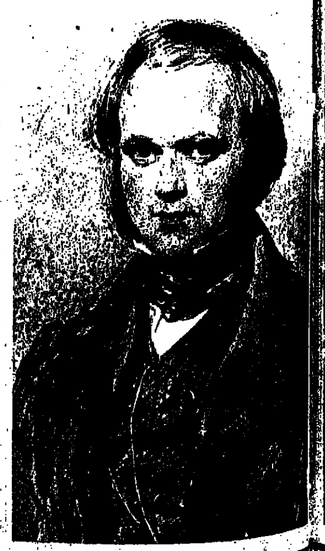
DAVID EUFINGER

Story and pictures by Aliza Auerbach

I NEVER PLANNED to visit the Galapagos Islands. Indeed, apart from some vague idea about their being connected with Charles Darwin, I hardly knew of their existence. But they happened to be an important location for Gregory Peck's globe-encircling feature film, "The Dove," for which he unexpectedly asked me to do his stills some months after. I had worked with him here in Israel on his Western, "Billy Two Hats."

It was thus, at the end of last August, after stints in the Fiji Islands, Australia, Mozambique, Panama and the San Blas Islands, that I landed at the Galapagos, the group of islands in the Pacific a few hundred miles west of Ecuador.

These volcanic islands were never connected to a continental land mass and over the aeons, the wildlife that colonized them became increasingly different from their colonial ancestors as they adapted themselves to the harsh conditions of their "new" home. Even members of the same species developed differently, and it was these variations that helped to start the young Darwin (right) off on his theory of natural selection when he visited the islands in 1835 as naturalist of the H.M.S. Beagle expedition.



THE BLACK ROCKS, stunted vegetation and at first sight terrifying animals made landing on the Galapagos Islands seem like invading another planet. But it was the behaviour rather than the looks of some of the creatures that was most amazing.

They have — as yet — no fear of human beings. A black, spike-backed marine iguana will crawl over your foot as if it were a stone, or a colony of them will sunbathe unconcerned as you step gingerly between them. Sea lions will gambol for your delight, uttering strange sounds of apparent pleasure at your interest. A bird in flight will come to rest quietly on your shoulder. And the same harmony seems to exist among the different types of creatures.

Only five of some 15 major islands in the group are inhabited, and those sparsely, and Ecuador, which has declared the islands a wildlife sanctuary, is doing everything it can to insulate the wildlife against the depredations of "progress" that might threaten the rare species with extinction.

LEARNING WITHOUT TEARS

Israel has had experimental schools for some 40 years. Not all have endured, though they helped shape the country's educational system. Now, the Haifa University Experimental School may be facing the axe, LEA LEVAVI reports.

THOUGH CHILDREN at the Haifa University Experimental School — currently covering all the elementary school grades — are given no homework, they often do school work at home of their own free will. Unlike most children, they hate having to stay away from school. It seems that in the three years of its existence, this school has worked magic for most, if not all, of its 100 pupils.

Parents, however, fear the fairy tale may end at the close of this school year. The Standing Committee of the University Senate, backed by influential members of the university's School of Education, feel — as they wrote in a letter to the parents — "that the existing framework is not suitable."

"But we think our kids are getting a good education," Professor Leonard Prager, who teaches English and Yiddish literature, told me when I met him and two other parents in his office at the university to discuss the school and what he termed its political problems. "If you set up some theoretical model in place of this school, I'm not sure it will be better or even as good."

Each of the three parents has two children at the school.

"I'll take my kids out of school altogether if it closes," said Judith Hill, an instructor in English literature at the university. "I know it's a mad idea but I would be very tempted. I don't want my kids to go to a formal, rigid school like the one I went to in England, where they taught us to eat our peaches with a knife and fork. If children enjoy school, they will want to learn — and why shouldn't they enjoy it? They have plenty of time to face trials and tribulations when they are older."

For Amalia Eredreich, whose husband is a psychiatrist, the problem is less theoretical.

"My fourteen-year-old son spent six very unhappy and rather unsuccessful years in conventional schools. Since he's come here, not only is he happy but — and this is the important point — he's learning. I don't know how he could go back to sitting in a regular classroom."

Most of the parents who had the courage to sent their children to the school, Professor Prager believes, did so initially because for one reason or another they were misfits in regular schools. "It was only later that we became interested in the experiment for its overall educational and psychological implications. Some university officials have complained that the school doesn't do research. But it had to have time to get started. Now that it's on its feet none of us would object to research — as long the children aren't made into guinea pigs. Teachers from various parts of the country have started using some of the ideas they have seen here."

When asked to comment on the parents' charges, a university spokesman denied that there was any "conspiracy" against the school. "Since the school is part of the university, our Senate has every right to examine its operations. The Senate's Standing Committee has appointed a subcommittee to examine all aspects of the school's operation. No one has any right to draw conclusions until the subcommittee submits its report, which should be in a matter of weeks. Meanwhile, the school is continuing to function."

WHEN I WENT across the campus to the experimental school itself — it occupies one corridor of a university building — I realized that it is not some sort of playground where every pupil can do as he pleases. True, the children can learn karate and other sports and recreation activities not usually included in a school curriculum, but this makes their school day a long one — usually until 3 or 4 o'clock. In the final analysis, every pupil does have to learn his reading, his arithmetic, his Bible and all the other school subjects. The formal lesson, however, with the teacher standing in front of a class of rigid pupils, is almost nonexistent. Much of the studying is done in small groups, and sometimes there is individual instruction. Informal discussions and expeditions are an important part of the curriculum. Before the elections, for instance, there was a visit to the headquarters of a political party and a subsequent discussion about it, instead of a dry "citizenship" lesson. Almost no formal textbooks are used: teachers are expected to guide pupils to the source.

"WE DON'T describe the school as 'free' or 'open'," said Yehudit Gilan, who has put it on its feet during her year and a half as principal. "We talk about relationships between us and the children and among the children themselves. We try to reach a better understanding of them and our reactions to them. Sometimes, we find this difficult to explain even to the teachers; but the fact is that we are developing a new educational-psychological approach in schooling — and it's working."

The nearest thing to classes are heterogeneous groups covering two to three years, and going right up the school. The eventual goal is a three-year cycle. "Then," Mrs. Gilan explained, "each child will have to adjust to three different roles in the group: the first year as the youngest, then in the middle and then as the oldest."

The children are free to choose the subjects which interest them most but must still devote enough time to the others to complete the required assignments—which are done during independent study periods. There are no tests and no formal grading system but the 19 teachers keep close tabs on individual progress.

"I hand out question papers every so often," one of them, Mina, told me, "but only as a way of finding out what the pupil has learned and what he still needs to study."

Though the lack of tests is designed, at least partially, to avoid the negative psychological aspects of competition, it seems as if competition at this school is even greater than elsewhere. However, instead of competing for a grade the pupils compete to be the first to finish a given assignment.

Since no formal research has yet been done on the subject, no one at the school dared give a hard and fast answer to the question: how do the achievements of the pupils compare with those of their counterparts in conventional classrooms? Mina, however, feels that they learn perhaps a smaller quantity of material, but really learn.

"When I taught in regular schools, I would report that I had given the required lessons and tests. But did that mean the pupils really learned everything I taught? Here, I know they learn, because they learn from their experiences and from their independent work. If they come out knowing fewer facts, they at least know where to look for those facts when they need them, and are sufficiently curious about the world around them to bother to look."

INDEPENDENT research work includes use of the school's library and the nature laboratory, where children watch the daily lives of animals, their birth and their natural growth. The nature laboratory, incidentally, seems also to be giving the children instruction in taking responsibility. They care for the animals in their homes during vacations and in term-time bring them food scraps which would normally be thrown away.

"In special cases," Mrs. Gilan explained, "we have let children spend months outside the classroom, reading in the library or staying in the nature lab. But we do this consciously as a means of helping to solve a problem, not as a way to run away from a difficult case."

Mrs. Gilan's husband, a clinical psychologist, acts as consultant to the school. More than once the Gilans, teachers and the parents of a problem child have sat together long into the night trying to get to the root of the child's problem.

I asked some of the older children, who had spent most of their school years in conventional classrooms, for their reactions to this new type of school.

"What's great here is that you don't just sit all day," one 13-year-old boy said. "We have *all* different kinds of activities. I remember the first days here. You know, in a regular school the teacher reads the names out of the roll book on the first day and starts teaching. Here, we had a discussion with the teachers about what the school is and what we expect. We can call them by their first names and it's all informal and friendly. In my other school, we'd go wild when the teacher left the room for a minute. Just now, when you were talking to our teacher in the other room, we were really doing independent studying. After all, we know we have assignments that have to be done — and besides, we get plenty of chances to talk when the teacher is here."

ELIAD PELED, the Director-General of the Ministry of Education, visited the Haifa school about a year and a half ago.

"My general impression was positive," he told me, when I visited his office to discuss the experimental school versus traditional education. "I can't talk about specific details, because I didn't examine them. You must remember one thing. Education is not physics or chemistry; there is no formula. It is impossible to know what will work and for whom. The only system which is good for every child would be individually-tailored tutoring and that is not very practical on a large scale."

The Ministry, he said, is encouraging educational experiments. An experimental elementary school of a slightly different type exists in Jerusalem and there is also an experimental high school, "but the problems there are more complicated.

"Anybody who knows anything about the history of education in this country knows that there were open schools here 40 years ago. Most of the kibbutz schools of those days could be called 'open' and I went to a school like that. But it seems to be a matter of a pendulum or of fashion, and as you know, the trend in education here has changed. Every experiment, even the most radical and even if it isn't the best educationally, influences conventional schools to some extent."

THE AVERAGE teacher, however, could not handle this type of teaching, Mr. Peled said.

"Formal, frontal teaching may not be the best way to teach, but it is the easiest for most teachers." Class size, he thought, would not necessarily be the determining factor. "You could work with individuals or with small groups even in a class of 35 or 40 if you had a good teacher and a teacher's aide walking around the room. But, as I said, I am not sure such a system would work everywhere."

At the Jerusalem school, the Ministry of Education insisted that 40 per cent of the pupils come from disadvantaged areas.

"This kind of teaching can work very well with such children if it is done properly. If not, it can be worse than the traditional method. After all, the open school is based on individual motivation and initiative — and the problem with disadvantaged children is that they are not motivated."

At the Haifa school, the disadvantaged child is the exception rather than the rule. Both parents and school officials stressed that they would like to recruit such children, but they have not had much success so far. It is hard to sell the new idea to the parents, particularly since the university campus is difficult to reach.

"Regarding the problem with Haifa University," said Mr. Peled, anticipating my question, "I have asked my district director there to contact the Municipality, the University, the parents and the school officials to see what can be done."

MARKETING WITH MARTHA / Martha Meisels

Sunshine at our service

DESPITE ALL the scientific reports on the potential uses of solar energy, there is only one realistic possibility open today to the Israeli consumer — and that is heating water with a roof-top sun-heater.

The idea of limitless sunshine at our service free of charge is a very attractive one. In all sincerity, I wish that I could recommend to every one of my readers to run right out and buy a sun-heater for water. But I cannot. It is just not that simple in hard economic terms.

Most Israelis heat water with electric boilers, and most consumers take advantage of the Electric Corporation's special "night rate" for electric power for this purpose. Particularly cheap is the "ceiling rate" arrangement for night-time electricity. A significant number of Israeli homes are already equipped with sun-heaters for water, and for these, the operating cost of heating their water is very low, even though the auxiliary booster needed for cloudy days runs on regular daytime-rate electricity.

But the household which must consider a solar-heater as a replacement for an existing electric boiler, or even the new home which is starting out with a choice between the two types, must make a careful calculation. And this calculation must take into account the hard facts that a sun-heater costs three times as much as an electric boiler to purchase, and that even a sun-heater is not completely free to operate on rainy days because of its electric element.

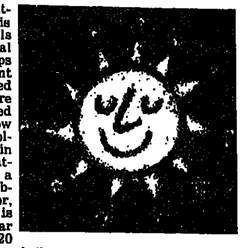
Shortly before the Yom Kippur War, the Association of Engineers and Architects in Israel came out with a study of the relative economic merits of the sun-heater *(dood shemesh)* versus the electric boiler *(dood hashmal)*. In that report, the sun-heater did not come out ahead, when compared with heating water with an electric boiler operated at the cheap "ceiling rate" for non-peak hours (night and siesta time).

However, developments since the war have outdated the figures in that study. Electricity rates have risen, and there is general concern that they will rise even higher. Sunshine remains a fixed commodity. There is also a growing sentiment today that we should, on patriotic and ecological grounds, utilize those resources which are free and non-polluting, such as solar energy.

I SPENT the better part of one evening playing around with calculations on the relative costs of sun-heaters, electric boilers and electricity rates. According to my figures, it would take about five years for a solar water heater to pay for itself. After that, your hot water would be almost free, when compared with heating by electricity or other fuel source. Obviously, the less you rely on the auxiliary electric heater for sunless days, the sooner the sun-heater will pay for itself. Also, the more electricity rates rise, the more economical the solar heater will be.

At today's prices, a good sun-heater for water costs IL1,200 or more to buy and install. An electric boiler of similar size costs about IL400. At the cheap ceiling rates for off-peak electricity, an electric boiler costs IL274 a year to run, including the defence tax. The electric booster on a sun-heater could cost up to IL120 a year to run — if you use it as much as eight hours a day on 60 sun-less days.

You can, and should, make your own calculations if you are thinking of going in for a solar-heater. Our centrally-heated building, for instance, charges IL33 a month for oil-heated constant hot water for a three-room flat — or IL396 a year at present. The gas companies sell gas-operated water-heaters, ranging from IL600 to IL1,350 initial purchase price, and they give instantaneous hot water at fairly economical operating cost — less than daytime electricity, certainly.



WHAT EXACTLY is a solar-heater for water? Basically, it is a two-part apparatus: There is the water tank — that cylindrical thing perched on many rooftops (and often made more prominent than necessary by being painted bright yellow or blue). Then there is a pair of flat plates, situated in a slanting position just below the tank. These are the "collectors," and they contain the thin pipes in which the water is heated. The plates are coated with a special dark paint which helps absorb the sun's rays. Dr. Zvi Tabor, of the Hebrew University, who is credited with introducing solar water-heaters to Israel some 20 years ago, developed the "selective coating," which is the pride of the Miromit company, the oldest firm in the trade.

The firm which claims to be the second oldest in the field here, Keren-Or, tells me that sun-heaters got their big spurt in Israel shortly after the Suez Campaign of 1956. Then too, the Arab states, though less organized than they are today, began threatening an oil boycott. During the '60s, sun-heater companies mushroomed in Israel. Many disappeared almost as fast, leaving faulty sun-heaters with no servicing, and disgruntled customers. Today, according to the Better Business Bureau in Tel Aviv, most of the surviving companies are fairly reliable. The Engineers Association report, however states that there are still "tens of small manufacturers" of sun-heaters who lack adequate professional knowhow, and only "four or five large firms" whose quality is acceptable.

There is, however, no operative quality control by the Israel Standards Institute on the manufacture of solar-heaters. The veteran companies tell me that attempts were made to draw up a standard, and one was actually adopted, but never put into practice. The Electric Corporation uses the lack of a standard as its excuse for refusing to supply cheap night-rate power to the auxiliary electricity element in sun-heaters. It is obvious that the Electric Corporation, certainly before the present energy crisis, was not interested in encouraging the use of sun-heaters for water. The refusal to link them to night-rate lines — while encouraging cheap rates for electric boilers — has been its best weapon.

The municipal authorities have taken varying attitudes toward the proliferation of sun-heaters on rooftops. Haifa's position has been the most stringent, officially out of concern for the city's aesthetic appearance. Haifaites are required to submit a petition for the installation of sun-heaters, accompanied by an architect's sketch of their placement, and a letter of approval from the other tenants in the building. Only heaters which are not deemed too visible are approved. Sun-heater agencies in Haifa have been wary of installing unauthorized roof tanks, least *they* be prosecuted. Today, I'm told, more customers are taking the risk on their own responsibility.

Other municipalities are generally less strict. Tel Aviv, for instance, officially requires approval for sun-heaters, but unofficially takes the same *laissez-faire* attitude toward sun-heaters as toward television antennas.

"We simply don't have the manpower to enforce these rules," I was told. But surveillance is more strict on new buildings than on old ones. Anyway, prospective sun-heater buyers should check with their own local authority.

WHERE YOU LIVE does not have too much bearing on how well a sun-heater will work for you, the companies say. During the summer months — April through November — you get ample sunshine every day anywhere in the country. In Eilat, a sun-heater will do the job without the electric booster virtually every day of the year. In the coldest parts of the country, including Jerusalem and Safed, there is some danger of water freezing in the collector pipes in sub-zero centigrade weather, but this can usually be prevented by using the electric booster. Again, reliable companies can give advice.

Keren-Or, for instance, is only prepared to supply the Beersheba to Netanya area at present. Keren-Or's heaters today cost IL1,125 for the 120-litre size, IL100 more for the 150-litre tank plus the standard two collectors. There is also an additional charge of IL20 for piping for every floor down from the top of the building. An extra-thick tank — five millimetres instead of the standard three — costs somewhat more, and is difficult to supply at present, but is highly recommended by the Better Business Bureau, which says it will last longer. Tanks are guaranteed for three to five years, but a well-serviced sun-heater should last many years longer. The manager of Keren-Or, Ya'akov Solnickl, says he has had his since 1960.

Miromit is no longer under the management of the original South African group, but is today run by Shmuel Davidovitch, who used to supply the tanks to the firm. Its top-quality model heater, with the special "selective coating" for the plates, as developed by Prof. Tabor, sells for approximately IL1,300 for the 120-litre size and IL1,400 for the 150-litre tank. Cheaper models with "black paint" coating run IL200 less. The thickness of the tank material at Miromit is four millimetres, "But it is not the thickness, but the quality which counts," Mr. Davidovitch told me.

Purchase tax on sun-heaters is not high, he said, being only IL66 on the large size, and IL43 on the smaller tank. One reason for the relatively high cost of sun-heaters compared to electric boilers — apart from their greater complexity — is that sun-heaters are usually sold not directly by their manufacturers but by "agents and even secondary agents, who do the job of persuading the public to buy them."

Mr. Davidovitch is critical of the Government for not doing more to aid solar-heater manufacturers who would like to export but need loans to expand their facilities.

"I was told to start exporting first and then apply for the authorization and benefits of an 'approved exporter'," he complains. He says he is continually besieged for information and catalogues from prospective overseas customers, including many referred to him by Ministries, "almost as if we were a Government agency."

ON THE ALL-IMPORTANT question of how much how water a sun-heater gives, it is hard to get a definitive answer. A good indication, however, is that practically everyone I have spoken to who owns a sun-heater is satisfied with it. Of course, the manufacturers will tell you that the quantity and temperature of the hot water is more than ample for normal family usage. Obviously in summertime there is more sun-made hot water than in winter, but most authorities say that "an hour or two of sunshine a day is sufficient."

Architects, who tend to look first at the aesthetic side of things, are among the harshest critics of sun-heaters as they exist in Israel today. An architect friend of mine remarked, "Sure, they work all right, but they are so dreadfully ugly."

They needn't be, Mr. Davidovitch insists. There are ways of placing sun-heaters, especially on houses with sloping roofs, so that the tanks are not visible.

In my opinion, if the Government were serious about reducing fuel consumption through greater usage of solar energy, it could do several things to encourage the purchase of sun-heaters. First of all, it could see to it that the Standards Institute exercised proper quality control on sun-heaters. Then it could remove the existing, albeit low, purchase tax on sun-heaters while increasing or at least maintaining the tax on electric boilers. It could also reduce customs duties and taxes on component parts of sun-heaters and give other financial incentives to the manufacturers. Such measures might reduce the retail prices of sun-heaters to a level where they would be a more attractive alternative as a form of hot-water heating.

The Government could also require the Electric Corporation to supply cheap night-rate electricity to the auxiliary boosters of sun-heaters which meet quality standards. In fact, I do not see why all household appliances operated at night — including washing machines — could not be allowed to benefit from the cheaper night-rate electricity. It could encourage a more even utilization of power around-the-clock and be a boon to the Electric Corporation as well as to the public.

IT OCCURS TO ME

Hadassah Bat Haim

Birds on wheels

NOW THAT MY daughter's best friend has gone to live in the Capital, communication between them is more of an effort. To their immense chagrin, they are not permitted to use the telephone except in cases of extreme emergency.

Even when Gillian's budgerigars, obviously benefiting from the change of air, lay some eggs, her hard-hearted mother forces her to pass on the news in a letter.

Some things, however, cannot be sent through the mails; and any vehicles making the trip by road are pressed into service by the girls to effect exchanges too bulky, or otherwise unsuitable, to go by regular channels.

Our commodious birdcage has been empty alas, for a long time, the previous incumbents having gained their freedom by the rather underhand ruse of pretending to be asleep when their quarters were cleaned, then making a dash for the open door.

THE EMPTY CAGE is sent up to Jerusalem in a tourist bus, the tourists politely ignoring this unusual piece of furniture. Now that the Jerusalem eggs have hatched, it becomes my job to bring back the re-inhabited cage—with an occupant of guaranteed integrity — to Nahariya. The soldiers I pick up on the way are quite pleased to sit for an hour or so holding a large birdcage and listening to the continuous chirping — Jiminy is a good traveller — and not one of my six or seven passengers but has some story to tell involving his own experience with similar creatures. All of them offer advice about care and education, often contradictory.

The next consignment of livestock causes less entertainment: a shallow tray half filled with water in which repose two turtles hardly visible to the naked eye. Their receptacle rests on the floor in the hope of ensuring them a smooth journey with less shocks to their nervous systems, if they have any.

Every soldier has to be warned not to put his feet on them. One man, in a movement too swift for me to prevent, picks up the tray and asks can he throw out these stones. Horrified, I point out his error and he is so contrite he nurses them all the way to Hadera swaying with every bend of the road to keep them on an even keel.

Comments on the whole are disapproving, until I let it be understood that these are two of a rare, precious breed the only ones to be bred in this country. Part of their development, I explain, necessitates a frequent change of scene as they are so intelligent they quickly become bored with small-town life and this causes them to sicken. This statement impresses everyone greatly and Hengist and Horsa come home in triumph, borne in the huge hands of a local sapper who passes them over to Hannah with respect.

Gillian's latest letter informs us that she is negotiating to get a snake that might be loaned out to trusted friends.

"When," she writes, "is your mother coming up by car?"

...at home again
with pleasant memories
of a nice, hot
cup of soup

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wherever you work, at picnics:
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Weltsch

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TORA AND FLORA
L.I. Rabinowitz

Identifying the trees of the Bible

Flowering branch and pod of acacia.

Portion of the Week: Ex. 25,1 — 27,19. The verse discussed is 25.10.

THE PORTION of this week opens the long description of the erection of the Sanctuary in the wilderness, which extends over no less than five weekly portions and 16 chapters. Among the numerous and varied materials which were pressed into service for that holy task, the only timber which was used was that of the *shitta*, the acacia tree, for the construction of the ark itself (25,10).

Now, I must remind readers of a point of biblical botanical nomenclature with which I have dealt extensively in the past. The Hebrew word *erez* has a double arboreal meaning: it refers specifically to the majestic cedar of Lebanon, but it also has a generic meaning comprising a group of evergreens, of which the *shitta*, the acacia, is one.

Only when this fact is taken into consideration can an oft-repeated passage in rabbinical literature be understood. "There are 24 different species of *erez*, but only seven of them are enumerated in the Bible, in Is.41,19. But of all of them, only the *shitta* was selected as the timber used in the Sanctuary" (Tanhuma Terumah, 9).

These seven trees, in Hebrew, are the *erez*, the *shitta*, the *hadass*, the *etz shemen*, the *brosh*, the *tidhar* and the *te'ashur*. It is obvious from the discussion in the Talmud and Midrash that the identification of the first four was regarded as beyond question. Modern botanists, however, differ as to the identity of the *etz shemen*, which is not the olive but some resinous tree — hence its name—such as the pine. (The three are the cedar, the acacia and the myrtle.)

With regard to the last three, it is equally obvious that the rabbis were under considerable difficulty in identifying them with the trees which flourished in their days, especially as the *te'ashur* is mentioned only twice (with an additional corrupt mention) and the *tidhar* only once in the whole Bible.

Clearly, one must approach the question of the identification of the Flora of the Bible with great caution.

THEATRE / Mendel Kohansky

Kishon and his Romeo

JUST ABOUT the only place in Israel where people are laughing these days is the small hall of Habimah, and the cause of this merriment is Ephraim Kishon's new play, *"Ho, Ho Juliet."* It's a standard domestic comedy — a couple married for 30 years who having long reached the point where living together is meaningless, spend their time hating each other — but Kishon has added a particular kind of spice: the husband and wife are no other than Shakespeare's star-crossed lovers, Romeo and Juliet. Having somehow survived their double suicide, they were married to live unhappily ever after, until mutual murder does them part. To put it in a nutshell, the world's most famous lovers would have been better off had they stayed dead as Shakespeare wanted them. The moral of the play is that when marriage enters the door, love goes out of the window.

The middle-aged Romeo is a fat slob who sleeps late, doesn't work too hard at making a living, eats too much and abuses his wife. The latter is a schlump who hates housework and does little but complain about her husband and the lack of a maid. The couple's living quarters is a large room which has seen better days — Joe Carl has designed a beautiful piece of Renaissance interior gone to seed. They have a daughter who looks like her mother (she has to: both mother and daughter are played by Shoshana Shani) and, having made a leap across four centuries, dresses and acts like a hippie.

Another character is William Shakespeare, who keeps barging into the action, a windbag spouting high-falutin language, complaining about the abuse of his heroes. The remaining characters are the Nurse, who speaks in a cackling voice (she was no spring chicken 30 years ago), and the Friar who concocted that silly plot with the sleeping potion, now a senile lecher with roaming hands.

IF ONE TOOK *"Ho, Ho Juliet"* seriously — and comedies should be taken seriously — the point Kishon makes here holds little water. Nothing in the play convinces us that things *had* to turn out the way they did; one could have very well written a play in which Romeo and Juliet 30 years later are a fine-looking, middle-aged couple, living happily in a lovely *palazzo*, still very much in love with each other, the parents of a girl as enchanting as her mother was at 15.

That, however, wouldn't be funny, and *"Ho, Ho Juliet"* is on the whole a funny play; Kishon the author has succeeded in equipping the simple story with enough funny lines to keep the audience in stitches, and Kishon the director has provided some additional stitches. Never mind that the jokes are all tried and proven and predictable — this has never stopped an audience from having a great time — and that there is a great deal of repetition: this is inevitable if you take a single comic situation and expand it into a full-length play.

Most of the show's weight rests on the slender shoulders of petite Shoshana Shani, who once again proves herself a resourceful, ingratiating comedienne, one of the best we have. Playing opposite her, with a grossness not entirely justified by the part, is Arik Lavie, and the trio is completed by Yehuda Efroni, the spitting image of Shakespeare on the cover of a book of the Bard's plays someone gave me when I was a boy.

Kishon with Shoshana Shani and Arik Lavie in "Ho, Ho Juliet."

There was much laughter on opening night, even though the hall was filled with the usual crowd composed mainly of invitees who, together with the critics, form an audience which injects terror into the hearts of performers. This is a clear indication that Habimah has a hit on its hands, and that Kishon, as they say in show business, has done it again.

EPHRAIM KISHON is a unique phenomenon in our theatrical world. For one thing, he is the most prolific of Israeli playwrights, having since 1953 presented nine full-fledged plays plus countless sketches performed by a variety of theatres. He has also had more hits than anyone else, including the biggest hit ever, *"Haketuba,"* which ran for years. He is by far the best-known Israeli playwright (as well as author, film writer and director) in the world. *"Haketuba"* has been shown in more than 60 theatres from Berlin to Tokyo, and hardly a day passes when one of his plays or sketches is not performed in a theatre, on television, on the radio, somewhere in the world.

At the same time, Ephraim Kishon remains unrecognized by the literary establishment, the opnion makers, and especially the theatre critics, at home. None of his plays has ever received good notices, and some have been vilified. The practical results of this critical hostility have been varied; in the case of a play such as *"Haketuba,"* the public ignored the critics and flocked to the theatre; but, negative reviews have tipped the scales and turned what could have become a mild success into a failure.

While the practical results are relatively minor considerations to a playwright so fabulously successful, the non-recognition by his peers rankles.

He believes that there is a general animosity towards him in the intellectual community and among critics in particular — although he has been kind enough to exempt me, in a personal communication, from this charge — and he tries to find an explanation for this phenomenon. One, he believes, is the common human frailty of begrudging another's success, a frailty which in this small country of ours, with its limited possibilities, assumes a particularly vicious character; it is no secret that a favourite pastime of Israeli writers is counting Kishon's money.

On the more serious and honest level, he believes that the opinion makers resent his conservatism. In a world of quickly changing forms, of a theatre which has gone a long way from the "well-made play" with a beginning, middle and end, Kishon stubbornly clings to neatly plotted comedies and to a tried and proven humour whose origin is Mitteleuropa of pre-World War I. It is humour for the whole family, for the good, honest, hardworking people who can't tell Grotovsky from Stanislavsky, who like their theatrical fare clear and understandable and undemanding.

While the critics and those who dispense the prizes and other honours are generally inclined to appreciate the contemporary and the experimental, and to become excited over Nissim Aloni and Hanoch Levin, Kishon detests everything he considers irrational and enigmatic on the stage and elsewhere in the arts; he looks upon it as a hoax perpetrated on the public, and misses no occasion to express these opinions.

A tall, slim man, neatly dressed and barbered, with the bland look of a middle-echelon bank employee, soft spoken and mild-mannered, Kishon is, in his person as well as in his professional life, a monument to conservatism. In a world which refuses to stand still, he asserts his unshakable will to remain on solid, safe ground.

MUSIC / Yohanan Boehm

Tuneful in Netanya

NETANYA has tried several times in the past to build up an orchestra of its own, but even a modest chamber orchestra of a few strings could not survive for long in this small town halfway between Tel Aviv and Haifa. Now, a serious professional attempt is being made to form the Netanya Light Orchestra on the lines of the Boston Pops. Thirty-two musicians are to be trained and directed by Sam Lewis, the permanent conductor and general manager, and Laszlo Rooth, the chief guest conductor and musical adviser.

Preparations started in August last year, when 65 candidates were auditioned and 23 accepted. The first rehearsal was held on October 1 and then, of course, the war intervened and prevented regular work. A few soldiers' concerts were held with smaller groups, preparations continued as opportunity allowed, and the first public concert was scheduled for December 1, the day David Ben-Gurion died.

Despite all the difficulties, work went ahead, and now Sam Lewis thinks that things will begin to move in earnest. The first recording for Israel Broadcasting went off successfully, and the radio authorities have expressed great interest in the venture, as their own Light Orchestra faded into oblivion some years ago and has never been resurrected since.

So far, 80 per cent of the budget — providing employment all the year round — is covered by promises from the Ministry of Absorption (90 per cent of the musicians are new immigrants) and the Netanya Municipality, whose Education and Culture Department heads, Zvi Nedivi and Aharon Cohen, are being most helpful. A fifth of the operating budget has to be earned through performances and prospects of engagements away from home base are already encouraging. Youth concerts will be given, and Sam Lewis hopes that the orchestra will be engaged whenever stars in the light music firmament visit Israel.

Semi-classical, light and popular music provide an unlimited repertoire, and there should be a large public in Israel which likes to be entertained by unsophisticated and uncomplicated music. The ensemble's big time should come in summer when Netanya is crowded with tourists, Israeli and foreign, and Promenade Concerts should provide welcome entertainment for many otherwise empty evenings.

SAM LEWIS, born in London in 1936, paid his first visit to Israel as viola player in the London Symphony Orhcestra. He left the L.S.O., an appointment at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, and other musical activities in 1968 to settle in Israel. After trying to do without music for a few years, he took over management of the Haifa Symphony Orchestra for a short spell — apparently nobody can cope with the bureaucracy there for long — and is now devoting all his energy to this new venture. He is full of hope that the Netanya Light Orchestra will answer a definite need, and our variegated music scene will surely gain from having light and popular music in professional form brought to the wider public.

LASZLO ROOTH was born in 1924 in Transylvania and came here in 1960, after a career as conductor with the Temesvar Opera and Philharmonic and guest appearances in Bulgaria, Poland, Hungary, and Russia. He has conducted practically all our local orchestras and the Israel National Opera, and was chief conductor of Israel Broadcasting's Light Orchestra.

The absorption authorities are going to look after the new immigrants in the orchestra for 18 months, so Sam Lewis will have to work very hard if the ensemble is to be in a position to earn more than a fifth of its budget when the time comes to fend for itself. But if this enterprise proves its worth, other sources of public money should be found to keep the Netanya Light Orchestra afloat.

A propos of light music — the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra has taken a quite revolutionary step by commissioning some Israeli composers to contribute to its repertoire for its Light Classical Music Series in Tel Aviv.

New conductor Shmuel Friedman.

Shimon Cohen, well-known arranger and pianist in innumerable TV programmes, has written a medley based on Sephardi *romances* as written down by Yitzhak Levy and collected in his *Chants Judeo-Espagnols*. Cohen chose these to provide a proper balance for the programme to be performed on March 2. This also contains a concerto for clarinet, written especially by Misha Segal for his friend Giora Feidman, which is reportedly based on Eastern European Jewish musical traditions.

SHMUEL FRIEDMAN, a new immigrant from Russia, has already proved his quality in a few appearances with the Haifa Orchestra, where he has been appointed chief conductor for this season, and the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, and it can be reasonably expected that he will contribute positively to our music life.

Friedman was born in Kharkov in 1940, where he studied the violin at the Conservatoire. In 1964, he moved to Leningrad to take up conducting, and later attended the Master School there. He won third place at Moscow's Conductor's Competition — and is convinced that his being Jewish prevented a better prize. Though he was the regular conductor of the Irkutsk Philharmonic and later of the Alma Ata Philharmonic, and guest conducted in Moscow, Leningrad, Riga and other cities, he was made to feel that being a Jew was a definite handicap to his career. Brought up and indoctrinated in a purely Communist environment, he became conscious of his Jewishness through discrimination and finally decided to bring his family to Israel.

He was lucky to have to wait only two months (Alma Ata is far away from Moscow and Leningrad, and apparently, anti-Semitism is less pronounced there), and arrived here with his pianist-wife and two children last September. After his ulpan, he moved to Haifa, where he has five series with the Haifa Symphony Orchestra and many youth concerts.

TELEVISION / Philip Gillon

More action, please

Sportcaster Dan Shilon: Full attention to the handball game.

IT IS NOT often that Moked distinguishes itself by giving us real hot news that sends us whooping out of our armchairs, but it certainly did so this week. Eli Nissan was obviously set for a nice, long, uninteresting hour devoted to the nuances of "Who is a Jew?" and "What is Moshe Dayan?" but was almost thrown off his customary balance by Moshe Carmel's mysterious and emphatic announcement that a coalition was on the way.

A lesser man than Eli, such as David Frost, would have leaped up like a startled chamois on the Alps or a teacher who has sat down on a drawing-pin; but our questionmaster merely raised a dubious eyebrow and queried, "What is this you tell us? Are you sure?" He then tried to lure Moshe Carmel back onto the predicted path by posing hypothetical questions as to what would happen if Carmel's secret sources of information were incorrect; but the hero of the War of Independence easily rebuffed these attacks, and stuck manfully to his guns.

Dr. Rimalt, as pleasant and forthright a politician as we have, whatever the quality of his opinions, was equally amazed by Carmel's announcement. He looked rather like a cat who has come up purring to a beloved mistress for a saucer of cream, and has received instead a solid kick where cats feel such things most. He was forced to reiterate his hope that Mrs. Meir, having said she would not ask for another 21 days, would not go back on her word — but, of course, she had only said she would not do so if there was no hope of a government whereas Carmel was assuring us that it was absolutely certain that there would be a government.

The Liberal leader then pinned his dwindling hopes of a stalemate leading to a broad coalition to the various bodies of the National Religious Party, to whom the revised Zadok formula, about who is a Jew, had still to be submitted. But we could see Rimalt's dream of a national emergency wall-to-wall government disappearing from his face like the snows of yesteryear.

SOMETHING REALLY has to be done about the format of Moked. There was a time immediately after the war (I am referring to the Yom Kippur one; there are so many that the phrase "after the war" is admittedly confusing) when Eli moved those battles of the intellect to kibbutzim or campuses to obtain some movement and spectator participation. But now, more's the pity, he has returned to his pristine haunts, like a homesick stork sighing for relief as it spots its familiar nest. Somebody has to give him the same treatment that I suggested the cat had got — he has to abandon his Buddah-like stance and turn Moked into an athletic event, striding back and forth, pointing an accusing finger, earning his money with some action. I have said it before and will no doubt say it again — television is supposed to be kin to the cinema, not a debating society. This applies to Moked as much as to the news, so well done, for the most part, since the war.

Anyway, I thank whoever is responsible for the end of the harrowing and humiliating experiences of the last month, which did so much to plunge morale into the cellar, promote cynicism and disbelief and lend aid and comfort to the enemy. Now, perhaps, our leaders can start paying some attention to the store, which certainly needs it. The Army Censor, who axes so much because it is bad for morale, should impose a blackout on all our politicians.

THAT THE store needs attention was borne out by some excellent photography of what is happening on the Golan Heights. The lovely children of Ramat Magshimim hardly look as if they should be front-line soldiers and Dayan's warning that we must expect casualties indefinitely on the Heights was much in our minds as we looked at them. All the soldiers we saw were in fine fettle — I was also pleased to see that they were in warm winter clothing.

The drawings of the Syrian preparations on this side of Damascus, for attack as well as defence, showed that they and their Russian allies will not lightly concur in our determination to hold the Golan. It will be good to know that this aspect of our lives too, may now receive some attention.

ON TUESDAY evenings, at eight there is a first-rate documentary on an earlier age, when Jewish hearts were apparently young and gay. There is a curious sort of innocence pervading these shots of the Israelis of the 'thirties — pioneers going to Hanita, Yehuda Almog as a young man, Moshe Dayan and Yigal Allon as very, very young men. The songs they sang were so haunting, the clothes they wore were so attractive, the speeches they made were so inspiring... When they finished constructing the Tel Aviv port they held hands and sang in the surf: when their successors were finishing Ashdod Port, they went on strike for additional under-the-table benefits. Ah, well other times, other customs.

Some of these old-fashioned customs seemed to me to be very effective. There was, for instance, that simple device of putting traffic cops up on a stand, where they could be seen by approaching motorists; every day in Jerusalem, as I nearly pick up an attractive female traffic director on the bonnet of my car, I admire the heroism of these cops, standing unobserved at the eye of the hurricane.

Another thing I noticed was the way the old folk used to build houses. They threw bricks from hand to hand, using girls as catchers, up to the roofs of the houses. Terribly primitive, compared with our wonderful new machinery. But it's a funny thing, they finished buildings in a fraction of the time our machines now take — and their buildings resisted rain, snow, hail and sun. Today, of course, almost all the buildings of Jerusalem are porous, built with thin concrete, inadequate pipes and flushing, anti-water tar that cracks.

WE HAVE HAD some very good basketball and handball games of late, with Israelis fighting heroically against fearsome odds. Like Dan Shilon, I was furious when we were taken back from the handball match at Yad Eliyahu to see some dull shots of Henry smirking at those oily Arabs — we could easily have waited till the late news for this nauseous sight. The result of our not giving our full attention to the handball was that the Japanese ran amok during our absence. In future, first things first, please.

Friday night we had a fine British film, specially made for television, featuring the great Paul Scofield. I hope that every producer, director, actor, script writer, secretary, office boy and anyone else concerned in the making of Israeli films was watching, noting, learning, digesting. This film should be studied every day for an hour, analyzed in depth and width, and made a model for all future Israeli productions.

NOW A WORD to the wise. Since Jordan has betrayed us by moving many programmes, including "Peyton Place," to 8.30, I have been watching more of our own Arabic programmes. And they have some very good things, in English, worth the expenditure of some electricity.

RADIO / Helga Dudman

Knowledge is pleasure

"RADIO-DE'A," the First Channel's new series (weekdays after the 3 p.m. news) may be as close as we will ever get, in this imperfect world, to that ideal known as "universal education." It covers a broad range of subjects, presented by professors at what is, presumably, a "university level." At the same time — and here is the catch — the uplifted listener gets no diploma whatsoever for his attention. In other words, he is supposed to be interested in the subject and not in the credit; all too often, not life as it is lived on today's campuses.

So far, I have heard only two subjects: Geology and Political Science. (Each subject has its regular placing, but it would be useful to announce it in the daily press.) Geology took the form of a Socratic dialogue between Professor Emanuel Mazor of the Weizmann Institute and our old friend Yosef Taragin, who has been doing this sort of thing for years in his First Channel conversations with scientists.

THE FIRST instalment began, as any freshman course should, with the simple question. "What is Geology?" and we heard Professor Mazor, who has a disarming, cheerful, lively, and unpedantic personality, give a short history of his science. Starting with the ancients' view of the earth's structure, we brushed up against Aristotle, the Greek "atomists," with their remarkably modern vision of the structure of matter as "tiny particles rushing around," came to such concepts as the "continental shift" and geological dating, evolutionary development, the recent swing of interest from our own planet out toward the universe, and, all in a few minutes, a run-through of today's branches of geology (mineralogy, geophysics, crystallography, and so on) and their practical applications to such fields as mining and water location. The location of oil-fields, unless I missed it, was not mentioned.

In other words, a very pleasant romp, and not at all strenuous, for anybody who has ever seen a rock and who has a reasonably general background. Mr. Taragin, an old hand at appropriate companionable noises, chuckled and said "um-hum" as required, going as far as to add, when the name of Democritus came up, "Ah yes, Epicurus to..." This a great tonic to anybody who, in the languor of an Israeli nap-time, is alert enough to remember his own history of science courses and recall that very association.

I do not know whether, as this series proceeds, we are going to get lost among the phacoliths and the carboniferous limestone; and whether, in this particular subject, the medium of radio is going to seem limited in comparison with television. The latter's educational programmes seem to me to be more useful for science than for the humanities; although the radio's are for the pre-university level, I suspect that most grown-up non-scientists would find them very instructive.

Certainly, the purpose of these lectures is not to produce qualified geologists, but simply to expand the horizons of each of us. Which brings us back to the old argument about whether universities should be trade schools or fountains of all-round "humanist" knowledge. "Radio-de'a" is announced as being sponsored by the country's institutions of higher learning; since Israel's university curricula tend to be far more highly specialized than those in, say, America, somebody doing an arts degree will find much unknown material on the radio every afternoon at three.

ONE CRITICISM I have heard of Mr. Taragin's traditional science programmes is that "if you know a bit about the subject, they are too elementary; and if you know nothing about it, they are too complex." This is true of much in life, and seems to me a less worrying pitfall than requiring secretaries to have B.A.'s.

THE SECOND subject I heard was Political Science, when I turned into the third instalment of a discussion between Professor Avraham Wolfenson of Haifa University and four students. The problem under scrutiny was the rights of the state and the rights of the individual, and the format here — as in any political discussion — was much looser than in the geology series, with the students giving "answers," as it were, in the form of opinions within the framework set, again very pleasantly, by the professor.

THE EXAMPLE chosen to illustrate the relation between legislation — the rights of the state — and the individual was: traffic. This problem seems to have become a classic for such purposes; it is never taxes, never monogamy, but "why a car will allow a pedestrian to cross on the green light." As an eager but highly eccentric listener, I thought the surface of the problem was barely scratched; nobody suggested that, as things have worked out, every pedestrian has become ritualized as the victim of the driver, as has indeed every city. But never mind; one student suggested — without a trace of irony in his voice — that "society forces them (drivers) to observe the rights of others," and another said that "We make the laws — that is, not we, but other people."

The treatment of the function of the legislature and of elected representatives in democratic countries seemed to me strangely divorced from Israeli realities of the moment, but I suppose one should not expect a classroom analysis to degenerate into a street-corner wrangle.

I DID THINK, though, that the boys and girls (there were two of each) were trying rather hard to please the teacher, something which the listener does not need to do. And I was a bit depressed by their reaction to Professor Wolfenson's request to identify a quotation he read, concerning the equality of citizens under the law. Both girls thought it came from "the American constitution" and both boys, as I recall, came up with Israel's Declaration of Independence. It turned out to be from Pericles and the fifth century B.C.E., and it seems too bad that our young people think that democracy is a monopoly of the Israel-America axis.

At another level, I was surprised that these students are not more skilled in dealing with professors and thus getting good grades. When a quotation of this sort is thrown at you, you must assume that it is not going to be what it seems at first provincial glance; the Greeks are always a good and profitable guess.

All in all, this is the most worthy of all educational attempts assuming as it does a public that wants an education and not a degree, and not an afternoon nap either. I do not know whether this series is to have any connection with the planned Everyman's University; but something of the sort would seem to be natural.

Radio for music lovers

TODAY: 08.05: Tartini, Morley, Stamitz, Roussel. 09.05: Haydn: Violin Concerto (Chen-Byrns); Mozart: Canzonetta from "Don Giovanni" (Arie-Ronli-Riklis); Seter: Orchestra Fantasy (Bertini). 10.05: Schubert: Mass in G (Rodan); Ravel: Piano Concerto (Wagman-Rodan). 12.05: Lalande: Musique pour les soupers du roi, Suite No. 4; Dvorak: "Golden Spinning Wheel." 1.25 p.m.: Borodin: Symphony No. 2 (Svetlanov). 5.05 p.m.: Special requests from soldiers. 9.05 p.m.: Beethoven: Excerpts from "The Creatures of Prometheus" (Mehta-IPO); Bernstein: "Age of Anxiety" (van Otterloo); Symphonic Dances from "West Side Story" (Ozawa).

SATURDAY: 08.05: Vanhal; Bach: Brandenburg No. 2; Mozart: Symphony No. 5 (Goldberg); Faure: "Caligula". 1.05 p.m.: Beethoven: Overture "Leonore" No. 2 (Klemperer); Brahms: Violin Concerto (Grumiaux). 3.05 p.m.: Schubert: String Quintet in C (Hungarian). 6.05 p.m.: Radu Aldulescu, cello; Shostakovich: Sonata; Debussy: Intermezzo. 8.40 p.m.: Songs by Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart (Yehuda Shmueli).

SUNDAY: 08.05: Rameau: "Castor et Pollux"; Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante, K.364. 09.05: Beethoven: Cello Sonata in D (Tortelier); Glinka: 2 Songs (Tourel); Debussy: Sonata for Harp, Flute, Viola. 10.05 Smetana: "Ma Vlast" — "From Bohemia's Woods and Fields", "Tabor", "Blanik". 12.35: Seter: Symphonietta (Rodan). 1.25 p.m.: Brahms: Double Concerto, op. 102. 5.05 p.m.: Bach: Cantata No. 18; Bruckner: 2 Motets; Janacek: "The Eternal Gospel". 8.45 p.m.: Isr. Chamber Ens. — Weisse: Haydn: Excerpts from "The Creation". 11.25 p.m.: Haydn: Piano Sonata No. 32; Brahms: 3 Intermezzi, op. 117 (Leygraf).

MONDAY: 08.05: Beethoven: Violin Sonata, op. 30, 2 (D. Oistrakh); Janacek: String Quartet No. 2 (Smetana). 09.05: Curzon: Miniature Overture; Kodaly: Marosszek Dances; Grofe: The Grand Canyon Suite (Bernstein). 10.05: Cello Sonata, op. 38; Sheriff: "Vidui"; Debussy: Cello Sonata (Wiesel-Saltzman). 12.35: Walton: "Facade". 1.25 p.m.: Scarlatti: Sinfonia; Praetorius: "Terpsichore", Dances; Vitali: Sinfonia. 4.05 p.m.: Michael Taube conducts — Stutchevsky: 4 Jewish Dances; Dvorak: Cello Concerto (Feuermann); Weber: Overture "Oberon". 5.05 p.m.: The Waltz Kingdom. 8.05 p.m.: Opera — Britten: "Peter Grimes" (Britten conducts) until 11.00 p.m.

TUESDAY: 08.05: Bach: Quartet; Mozart: Piano Concerto, K. 488 (Haskil). 09.05: Brahms: Serenade, op. 11 (Kertesz). 10.05: Rossini: Variations for Horn and Piano; Bizet: Suite "L'Arlesienne" (Bernstein); Copland: "Appalachian Spring" (Susskind). 12.35: Khachaturian: "Gayaneh". 1.25 p.m.: Arensky: Trio (Pennario—Heifetz—Piatigorsky); Martinu: Duo (Heifetz—Piatigorsky). 5.05 p.m.: Classical Request by soldiers. 8.30 p.m.: Testimonium (see "Poster").

WEDNESDAY: 08.05: Musical Anthology. 10.05: Telemann: Trio; Bach: Preludes. 12.35: Mozart: Symphony, K. 181 (Marriner); Moussorgsky: "A Night on the bare Mountain". 1.25 p.m.: Ponce: Guitar Concerto (Williams); Herold: Overture "Zampa". 4.05 p.m.: "Mendelssohn" — Childhood (Ada Brodski). 5.05 p.m.: "Jazz". 10.05 p.m.: Duo Weiss play — Schubert: Duo, op. 162; Elgar: Violin Sonata; Chavez: Sonatina.

THURSDAY: 08.05: Famous Artists. 09.05: Weber: "Der Freischuetz" (Klemperer—Sills) — excerpts. 10.05: "500 Years of Hits". 12.35: Haydn: Trumpet Concerto. 1.25 p.m.: Paderewski: Piano Concerto. 4.05 p.m. (repeat) "Testimonium" — Orgad, Schidlowsky, Foss, Gilboa. 8.30 p.m.: Band music by Rimsky-Korsakov. 11.25 p.m.: Isaac Stern.

TV PROGRAMMES

FRIDAY

3.00 The Partridge Family. 3.25 Erev Shabbat Programme. 6.00 News. 6.05 Shabbat Song. 8.10 Weekly Magazine. 9.10 "Cyrano de Bergerac". 11.00 "Night Sounds" — Moussorgsky. 11.20 News. Arabic: 6.00 News. 6.04 Film. 7.45 News. 8.00 Programme Review. Educational: 7.50 Technical Drawing 9. 8.15 Maths. 7. 8.40 A game on Words 7-8. 9.05 Geometry 6. 10.00 Biology 10 10.20 Citizenship 7. 10.40 "Your Opinion — My Opinion". 2.00 Story. 2.14 Film. 2.40 Music.

SATURDAY

10.00 Entertainment for Children. 10.30 Israeli Film for Children: "Ulay Terdu Sham". 11.50 "The Dinosaur Hunters". 8.00 Hamavdil. 8.30 Mabat. 9.10 Ironside. 10.00 Mabat Sport. 10.50 Entertainment from Abroad. 11.40 News. Arabic: 6.00 News. 6.04 Requests. 6.32 Innovations and Inventions. 6.45 Music and Poetry. 7.30 News.

SUNDAY

5.30 News. 5.32 The Brady Bunch. 6.00 Ot Ot. 8.00 Family Affair. 8.30 Mabat. 9.00 "Mission Impossible". 9.50 What's New. 10.40 "It's Good to Grow Up" — (repeats). 11.30 News. Educational: 7.50 Technology 9. 8.15 Geometry 9. 8.40 Literature 2-5. 9.05 English 5. 10.00 English 9. 10.30 Science 6. 10.45 French. 11.05 Algebra 9. 11.25 Maths. 5 12.00 English 10. 12.20 Advice and Guidance 8. 1.00 Technical Drawing 9. 1.20 A game on Words 7-8. 1.40 Chess Lesson 23. 4.00 Handiwork. 4.18 Chess Lesson 23. 4.37 A Meeting with an Author. 5.05 Programme for Mothers and Children. Arabic: 6.30 News. 6.33 The Forest Rangers. 7.00 Hollywood and the Stars. 7.30 News.

MONDAY

5.30 News. 5.32 "Pompon." 5.40 "Documentary" — Whales, Dolphins and Men" (repeat). 8.00 Youth Magazine. 8.30 Mabat. 9.00 "McCloud." 9.50 Documentary — "America." 10.40 Jazz. 11.00 News. 11.05 Service Broadcast. Educational: 7.50. English 9. 8.15 English 6. 9.05 Maths. 6. 9.25 Electricity 8. 10.00 Biology 9. 10.20 English 5. 11.05 Advice and Guidance 7. 11.25 Maths. 8. 12.00 Biology 10. 12.20 Science Physics 7. 12.40 Literature 2-5. 1.00 Biology 9. 1.20 Science 6. 1.40 Meeting with an Author. 3.10 Electricity 10. 4.00 Story. 4.14 Film. 4.42 English. 5.00 Art. Arabic: 6.30 News. 6.32 Sport. 7.17 Projector. 7.27 Programme Review. 7.30 News.

TUESDAY

5.30 News. 5.32 Service Broadcast. 5.43 Science Series. 6.10 Dr. Doolittle. 8.00 "Kobbotek". 8.30 Mabat. 9.00 Mannix. 9.50 Moked. 10.40 Entertainment from abroad. 11.30 News. Educational: 7.50 Geometry 5. 8.15 Advice and Guidance 8. 8.40 Electricity 10. 9.05 Maths 7. 10.00 English 9. 10.20 English 6. 10.45 For Kindergarteners. 11.05 Geometry 9. 11.25 English 7. 12.00 English 10. 12.20 English 8. 1.00 Technology 9. 1.40 Film. 3.40 Advice and Guidance. 4.00 Maths. 4.20 English. 4.40 Maths. 5.00 English. Arabic: 6.30 News. 6.32 Folklore. 7.00 Family magazine. 7.30 News.

WEDNESDAY

5.30 News. 5.32 My Friend Flicka. 6.00 "Hattytown Story." 8.00 Nanny and the Professor. 8.30 Mabat. 9.00 Meeting of Artists and Entertainers in Jerusalem. 9.55 "My Margo" — An Israeli film. 11.35 News. Educational: 7.50 English 9. 8.15 Maths. 5. 8.40 Literature 7-8. 9.05 Maths 8. 10.00 English 9. 10.20 English 7. 10.45 Story. 11.05 Biology 9. 12.00 Algebra 10. 12.20 Maths. 6. 12.40 Film. 1.00 Music. 1.20 Science-Physics 7. 1.40 A game on Words. 2.10 Technical Drawing. 4.00 Story. 4.14 Legend. 4.30 English. 4.50 Family games. 5.05 Technology. Arabic: 6.30 News. 6.32 "The Lost Peace" — documentary. 7.00 Poetry. 7.05 Miami. 7.30 News.

THURSDAY

5.30 News. 5.32 Circus. 5.40 The World of Walt Disney 8.00 Morasha. 8.30 Mabat. 9.00 The Match of the Week. 10.30 Hawaii 5-0. 11.20 News. Arabic: 6.30 News. 6.32 cartoons. 6.45 This is your problem. 7.30 News. Educational: 7.50 Geometry 5. 8.15 Maths 8. 8.40 Literature 2-5 9.05 Maths 6. 9.25 Electricity 8. 10.00 Technology 9. 10.20 Maths 5. 10.45 For Kindergartners. 11.05 Biology 9. 11.25 Science 6. 12.00 Algebra. 9. 12.20 Science-physics 7. 1.00 Electricity 10. 1.20 French. 1.40 Film 4.00 English 4.20 Geometry 4.35 Film 5.00 Youth Magazine.

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L'ORÉAL DE PARIS

Scandinavian surprises

Meir Ronnen

THE EXHIBITION of Scandinavian Design which opened at the Israel Museum this week is, in tone, a quiet, heart-warming show, non-dramatic yet full of surprises. For it comes as a surprise to realize that most of the up to date looking ceramics, glass or chairs have been on the market for 30 or 40 years. The show is a reminder of the leading position the Scandinavian countries have held in industrial design for decades. It also demonstrates their concern with the well-being of society.

This is of course a didactic show. Historically it covers nearly half a century and the excellent catalogue introduction by the show's Joint-Commissioner, Mr. Alf Boe, reaches back over a century to the first organised Scandinavian arts and crafts movements inspired by the initial stirrings of the design movement in 19th century England. The show itself is divided roughly into three parts, the first dealing with classic chairs, lamps and glass from the 'twenties on, paralleling Bauhaus design; the second is a cross-section of contemporary mass-produced products; while, the third, with the aid of models and plans, analyses how certain products have been redeveloped.

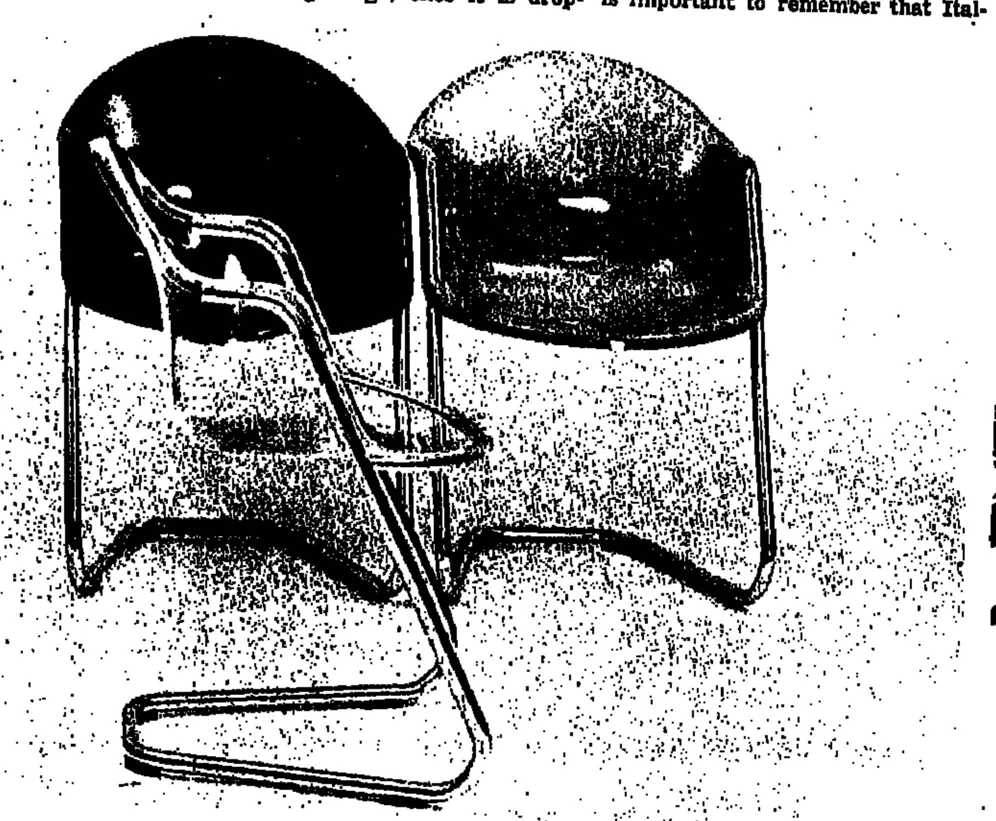
Solidity, durability, the choice of the right material for the job and its moulding into the most functional and attractive possible form have been the keynotes of Scandinavian design. To these must now be added a new concern with safety, both of the operator or driver and of the environment. Examples here are new auto safety fenders and a rubbish disposal system in which the garbage, once it is dropped into a special processing truck, is never again touched by human hands. Outstanding are mechanisms which move invalids in and out of beds and vehicles and enable them to be bathed literally in bed or washed together with their self-propelled chairs.

The exhibition is fairly evenly divided between household utensils and furniture and industrial items, tools and sports equipment. The furniture and lamps in particular lack the imaginative flights of fancy of the latest Italian designers. But it is important to remember that Italian design today is oriented towards the upper and middle classes with money: the Scandinavian designs are for the people. They are mass produced and remarkably cheap, and designed for use by more than one generation. A child's high chair in plain laminated wood is made adjustable for all ages and is as solid as a rock, and much easier to clean than the fancy Italian models sold in Israel. A rather unattractive pram made of canvas stiffened with cardboard is completely collapsible, light... and dirt cheap.

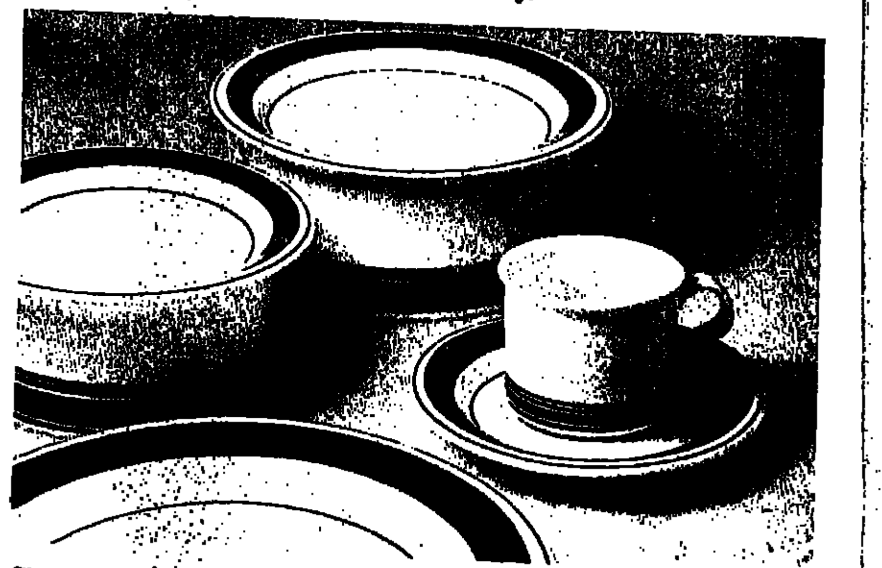
THE MODELS demonstrating the development of a design show, for instance, how the *langlauf* cross-country ski-boot has been streamlined and rationalised and how a queue-ticket machine (indispensable in shops in Europe and America today) has had its component parts reduced from dozens of metal plates and screws to a few plastic units.

Pleasant colour has helped make Scandinavian products and fabrics famous (Marimekko of Finland is of course represented) and here contributes to the cheery atmosphere. There is a superb double "mural" of woven squares demonstrating logical weaving combinations that is a real marvel, a breathtakingly simple object lesson in the mechanics of colour and what happens to a chroma when black and white or secondaries are added.

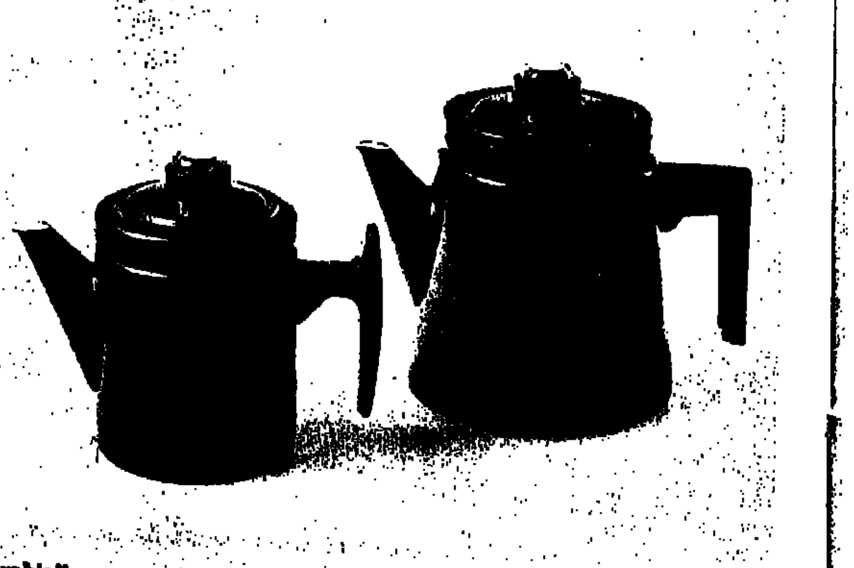
The show occupies both sections of the Palevsky Design Pavilion, the new curator of which is Iaika Gaon, the Jerusalem artist and designer who until now helped run the Museum's Youth Wing, in addition to teaching at the Bezalel Academy.



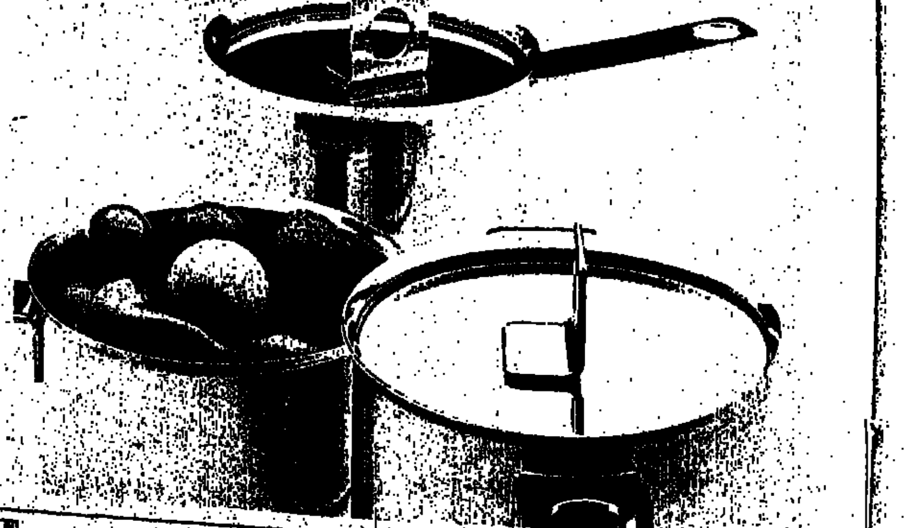
Tubular steel chairs with acrylic plastic seat shells. (Below) Vases designed by Aalvar Aalto.



Simple but elegant dinnerware series in fine earthenware is stackable.



"Arabia" enamelware coffee-pots. (Below) Cleverly designed saucepans.



GALLERY GUIDE

JERUSALEM

By Meir Ronnen

FROM THE CELLARS—Two shows from the Museum's collection, the first a very mixed bag of 17th to 19th century painting, some of it second-rate;outstanding are two 17th century paintings: the Cuyp brothers "Return from the Hunt" and Giacinto Gimignani's twin paintings of the "Triumph of David" and the "Death of Absalom." The second show is a stimulating exhibit of 20 mostly young international and Israeli artists, all works made over the last decade, from kinetic sculpture to conceptual projects, a stimulating "mini-documenta," the result of an enlightened acquisition policy. Not to be missed (Israel Museum).

SCANDINAVIAN DESIGN — Large didactic exhibit covering nearly 50 years of design, the first show after long interval in new Palevsky Design Pavilion (Israel Museum).

ROMAN HAUBENSTOCK-RAMATI — A suite of etchings based on a new music notation system meant also to be read as abstract art; the monochrome works are particularly effective (Israel Museum).

JAPANESE DRAWINGS — some of which are really remarkably beautiful paintings, mainly by Ukiyo-e masters Hokusai and Hiroshige, from the Tikotin Collection (Israel Museum).

LAND OF DOLLS — Dolls of the last 100 years from Europe, America and Japan in delightful settings — and dolls for young visitors to play with. (Weinstein Gallery, Israel Museum).

LIDIA ZAVADSKY — Elegant ceramic sculptures of fine finish by talented Bezalel graduate who is now a teacher at the Academy, some abstract and vaguely resembling flat inverted bottles, others derived from breasts and buttocks or made from castings of a female face. Occasionally a number of forms are joined to form a group, or opposed to each other on a background as a relief. There are also some exterior reliefs using pebbles and wave forms, again of great elegance. In the main, these all remain decorative ceramic objects rather than sculptures, despite their great attractiveness, perhaps because one sees certain basic forms repeated too often. Of a special interest is a superb head wrapped in layers of glazed ceramic, a semi-surrealistic work that is a fine technical achievement. Should be seen (Artists House Mezzanine). Till Feb. 27.

Lidia Zavadsky: Ceramic sculpture (Artists House, Jerusalem).

ISIDOR ASCHHEIM — Drawings and prints by a widely-loved Jerusalem teacher who died five years ago. (The Little Gallery, Rehov Salmon) 10-2 p.m., 6.30 p.m.-12.30.

GILAT COLLECTION — a mammoth display of works by 17 artists, all of progressive bent, but the results are often very slight. Most interesting of all are some serial colour photos a la Jan Dibbets by (separately) Efrat Natan and Tamar Getler. (Sara Gilat Gallery, Pinsker 4) Sun.-Thurs. 4-6 p.m. only; or Tel. 36073.

ESKIMO PRINTS — And gallery collection of sculpture, paintings and art posters (Beit Ma'yan Gallery, near the spring, Ein Karem). Sun.-Thurs. 2-5 p.m. and by appointment. Tel. 415559 or 32573.

Wladimir Gregorovitch: The Jewish Quarter of Tobolsk (Nora Gallery, Jerusalem).

WLADIMIR GREGOROVITCH — Post-impressionist pen-and-wash paintings of Russia and Israel by promising young immigrant who arrived here in 1972 and who has just returned from service at Suez. Gregorovitch has a special feeling for lonely houses and piquant constructions like the Ramat Aviv antique gas station, all rendered in sombre, low-keyed colours of elegaic beauty; he endows even the most humble sections of Jaffa with a special atmosphere that is more Russian than Israeli, but this gives nearly all his watercolours an extraordinary appeal (Nora Gallery, 9 Ben Maimon. Tel. 32949). Till March 11.

RIVKAH REIGER-KAPLAN — Abstract paintings stained onto raw canvas a la Helen Frankenthaler; the debt is too obvious for one to take these works seriously. Finesse in composition and harmony of colour is also somewhat lacking (Engel Gallery). Till March 4.

YOEL TENNE (TENENBOIM) — memorial show of paintings and sculpture by Third Aliya pioneer who died a year ago (Artists House). Till Feb. 27.

ARIE EKSTEIN — Large show of formalized still life and landscape promoted by the Safrai Gallery. (Artists House). Till Feb. 27.

ALEXANDER KOPELOVITCH — Recent works (Artists House) opening tomorrow 11 a.m. Till March 20.

NAOMI SULTANIK — A mini-retrospective of oils and acrylics on paper by this Jerusalem Prize winner now working in Amsterdam on a year's scholarship. (Debel Gallery, Ein Karem, Tel. 417785). Sat-Thurs. 10-1 p.m. and 4-6 p.m. Closed Fridays. Till Feb. 24.

TEL AVIV

By Gil Goldfine

THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM — NEW BUILDING (27 King Saul Blvd.) — Permanent exhibition of Impressionist, Post Impressionist and Israeli painting and sculpture, the largest and most comprehensive Israeli collection of the century.

Hours: Daily, 10.00 a.m.-5.00 p.m.; Friday 10.00 a.m.-2.00 p.m.; Saturday 6.00 p.m.-10.00 p.m. Tel. 257361.

PINCHAS KREMEGNE — Paintings by one of the most important Jewish artists of the Paris School. (Zacks Hall, Tel Aviv Museum).

RICHARD SMITH — Three dimensional graphics by British artist, winner of the Grand Prix at the 1967 San Paulo Biennale. (Tel Aviv Museum).

MAX LIEBERMANN — 130 prints and drawings from the Museum collection. A solid show covering most of Liebermann's productive years as one of Germany's leading Impressionists. (Tel Aviv Museum).

ERIC BRUN — Posters (Tel Aviv Museum).

"WAR IMPRESSIONS" — Yigal Tumarkin, painter, sculptor and photojournalist, has found it necessary to evaluate his artistic stand and re-document into paintings his photographs of the Yom Kippur War. The work, however, lacks visual or iconographic impact. (Helena Rubinstein Pavilion of the Tel Aviv Museum). Till end Feb.

ZVI SHINAR — Paintings (Gallery Israels, 21 Israels St.) Opens Sat. 11.00 a.m.

MOSHE MICHAL (LIFSHITZ) — Drawings and etchings (Bet Emanuel, 18 Chevat Zion St., Ramat Gan).

CHAIM DINAR — Copper reliefs and drawings (Raziel Cultural Center, Kfar Saba).

ZALMAN BROOKMAN — Paintings by recent immigrant from Russia. First show for this new "home" gallery (Gil Gal Gallery, 38 David Hameleoh St. Herzliya Pituah).

ZYGMUNT WALDMAN — Stylized, exaggerated and banded in black line, Waldman's uninspiring subjects are consistently rendered in sombre umbers, greens and ochres. (New Gallery, 31 Reines St.) Till March 1.

GLASS FROM SCANDINAVIA — a small but acceptable show sponsored by the Israel Design Center. (Glass Museum, Museum Haaretz, Ramat Aviv.)

NINA ZANGER — Recent ceramics (Haarets Museum, Ramat Aviv) Till March.

JERRY TUBLIN — "Mortgages and Insecurities, Complications" (Dugith Gallery, 48 Frishman St.)

EVA FREIBERG — CSATO — Paintings (Petah Tikva Yad Lebanim).

MARGALIT ZOMER — Paintings (Petah Tikva Yad Lebanim).

SIOMA BARAM, BELLA BRISEL — Judaic Jerusalem of Baram is the singular theme symbolically depicted in all his oil paintings and coloured etchings. Brisel also finds solace in attacking one isolated topic and exhausts its possibilities, forlorn, curvilinear faces and heads. (Talma Gallery, 27 Gordon St.)

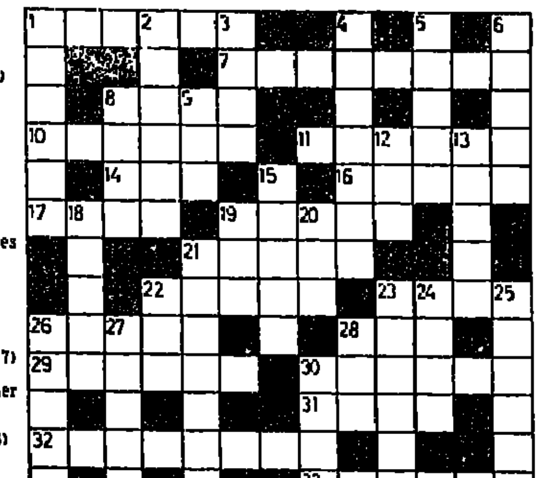
ZOMA BAITLER—is a solid draughtsman and excellent colourist who appears to be caught up in a stylistic bind. (Beth Sholom-Aleichem, I. D. Berkowitz St.)

DRAWINGS — by young Israelis. (Yodfat Gallery, 190 Dizengoff).

(Complete Tel Aviv listings will be resumed next Friday. Haifa guide appears on page 24).

TWO-IN-ONE CROSSWORD

Use the same diagram for either the Easy or the Cryptic puzzle.



EASY PUZZLE

ACROSS

1 Photographic device (6)
7 Shrunk (8)
8 Annoying child (4)
10 Tolerates (6)
11 Something deserved (6)
14 Colour (3)
16 Sheets of glass (5)
17 Type of toboggan (4)
19 Antic (5)
21 Subsequently (5)
22 Liquid (5)
23 Gives money (4)
26 Musical instrument (5)
28 Be discordant (3)
29 Jibes (6)
30 Come back (6)
31 Article (4)
32 Dying (8)
33 High-backed bench (6)

DOWN

1 Brings about (6)
2 Deserved (6)
3 Deeds (4)
4 More precipitous (7)
5 Heathen (5)
6 Collar fastenings (5)
8 Naked (4)
9 State further (3)
12 State of hostility (3)
13 Prepared (5)
15 Greatly dislikes (5)
18 Sign of the Zodiac (5)
19 Feline (3)
20 For each (3)
21 Means of illumination (7)
22 Pale (3)
23 Type of leather (6)
24 Lily type (4)
25 Unmarried (6)
26 Aquatic mammal (5)
27 Swallows quickly (5)
28 Modern aircraft (3)
30 Well-boring outfits (4)

CRYPTIC PUZZLE

ACROSS

1 Drinks for two? (6)
7 Cigarette girl (8)
8 Story of postal expenses (4)
10 Flier like Chivers? (6)
11 Beads not for decoration (6)
14 The elver's parent (3)
16 Does this crust get all the gravy? (5)
17 Sheltered exterior building (4)
19 Girl for a buck (5)
21 Checked on watch (5)
22 Duck past a policeman (5)
23 Time for love in Ireland (4)
26 Establish an arrangement (3, 2)
28 I have royalty round. (No, not her) (3)
29 Canter about in a daze (6)
30 She rode out of habit (6)
31 Makes more of anything (4)
32 Country wench given pounds for beer? . . . (8)
33 . . . that we got from him? (6)

DOWN

1 Asses with many characteristics of camels (6)
2 Covered with dishes (6)
3 Still under seventy (4)
4 One area where no ship should go (7)
5 Fluently available (2, 3)
6 One with a lust to stray? (5)
8 It has wooden limbs, naturally (4)
9 Fifty-one pound girl! (3)
12 See an agent (3)
13 Cash in hand? (5)
15 Film duet about a medical man (5)
18 American poet? (5)
19 It makes for a clean breast (3)
20 Marshal in the Nine Years War (3)
21 Best garment, carefully brushed? (7)
22 Food tribunal centre (3)
23 Mean at heart? (6)
24 Friends of Kingsley? (4)
25 Talkative type (6)
26 Pipe smoker! (5)
27 Agree in total (5)
28 Burden to shoulder (3)
30 Dress that takes years to become useless (4)

Wednesday's Easy Solution

ACROSS.—1, Snout. 6, Auger. 9, Tigress. 10, State. 11, Seems. 12, Eases. 13, Actress. 15, Ant. 17, Sees. 18, Styles. 19—Punts. 20, Shelly. 22, Hoar. 24, Rue. 25, Disowns. 26, Rapid. 27, Lurid. 28, Terms. 29, Several. 30, Ended. 31, Psalm.

DOWN.—2, Notice. 3, Uttera. 4, Tis. 5, Areas. 6, Assents. 7, Uses. 8, Ermine. 12, Easy. 13, Aster. 14, Tense. 15, Allow. 16, Tsars. 18, Staid. 19, Pleaded. 21, Autumn. 22, Hotels. 23, Animal. 25, Dimes. 26, Rise. 28, Tap.

Wednesday's Cryptic solution

ACROSS.—1, Grace (Darling). 6, Atlas. 9, Ur-gen-cy. 10, Unite. 11, Cr-ate. 12, Defoe. 13, Raffles. 15, Hug. 17, Olaf. 18, Angora. 19, Stout. 20, Chills. 22 Dial (rev.). 24, Hen. 25, Startle. 26, Smuts. 27, Adsum. 28, Swear. 29, Removes. 30, Order. 31, Types.

DOWN.—2, Rent-Al (=rent). 3, Cut off. 4, Ere. 5, Med.-E-S. 6, Account. 7, Tyre. 8, Arthur. 12, Dents. 13, (cock)Roach. 14, Fag-in. 15, Hop it. 16, Gable. 18, Aunts. 19, Slimmer. 21, Header. 22, Drowsy. 23, Alsace. 25, Stool. 26, Sure. 28, Set.

SOLUTIONS TO TODAY'S PUZZLES ON MONDAY

BRIDGE

By George Levinrew

North (D)	South
♠ K 5	♠ A 7
♡ A 9 6	♡ 10 4
◇ A J 8 4 2	◇ K Q 10 8
♣ Q J 4	♣ A K 8 3 2

TODAY'S deal from a Jerusalem rubber bridge game illustrates the accurate inferences from Precision bidding. Would you and your favourite partner reach a grand slam with the North-South cards?

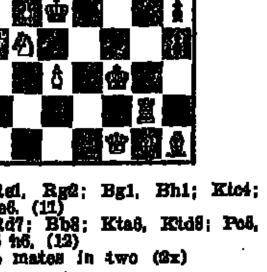
North opened the bidding with 1◇. This indicated 11-15 high card points, and a ◇ suit with probably four cards or more. Occasionally a 1◇ bid may be made with a two or three card suit. South, knowing that there was a game somewhere in the hand bid 2♣, showing 11-15 high card points and a ♣ suit. Technically he could have bid 3♣, indicating 16 or more high card points and a good five card or longer ♣ suit, but he preferred a slower exploration in order to find the best contract for game. The 2♣ was forcing and asked North to indicate stoppers in the majors and whether he had a minimum or maximum opening. North rebid 3NT showing 14-15 high card points and stoppers in both majors.

The announcement by North of a maximum holding gave South a feeling that there was a slam for the taking. Could it be a grand slam? Moreover, since North had not opened with 1NT, preferring 1◇ although he had stoppers in both majors, he must in all likelihood have at least four or five diamonds.

There was no need to rush into a slam. South cue bid 4♠. Since the 3NT contract was disregarded, North got the message and cue bid 5♡. South now confirmed the ◇ fit by bidding 6◇. To North it seemed that the clubs were solid since he held the Q, J which made a good fit with partner. The diamonds surely must be solid. And since South had announced the ♠A the grand slam must be odds on. So 7◇ it was and easily made.

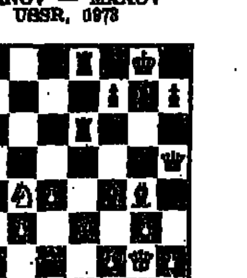
CHESS / Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 2487
E. VISSERMAN, Holland
1st Pr. Friends of Chess, 1971



Kf3; Qf1; Rel, Rg2; Bg1, Bh1; Ktc4; Pa4, c5, d3, e6. (11)
Kd5; Rb4, Rd7; Bb8; Kta8, Ktd8; Pc5, d6, f7, h4, h5 h6. (12)
White mates in two (2x)

Problem No. 2488
IVANOV — MAKOV
USSR, 1973



Kg1; Qg2; Ra4, Ra1; Be3; Ktc4; Pb3, c3, d4, f2, g3, h2. (12)
Kg8; Qh5; Re8, Re3; Bf4, Bg4; Pa6, f7, g7, h7. (10)
Black to play and win

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 2483 (Brogi). a) 1.Qc8 Rd5/Bd5/Ktd5 2.Kte6/B:e5/Q:h6x; b) 1.Qd8 Bf6/Rf6/Ktf6 2.Kte6/B:e5/Qd2x. Problem No. 2484 (Papa-Roth). 1.d6! e:d 2.Kd8! Bg8 3.a5 d5 4.a6 Bb8 5.a7! B:a7 — Draw. No. 2481 (Garai): The remark in respect of No Solution was misplaced in last week's column. There seems to be no mate after 1.- Bb1.

THE BATTLE OF AUGUSTA

Victor Korchnoi made a forceful comeback in the 13th game to clinch the Augusta quarter-final match against Henrique Mecking three games to one (Mecking's only win, in game 12, was published in The Jerusalem Post on February 19). Here is the 13th and final game.

Benoni Defence

V. KORCHNOI — H. MECKING

1.d4 Ktf6 2.Ktf3 c5 3.d5 e6 4.c4 e:d 5.c:d d6 6.Ktc3 g6 7.e4 Bg7 8.Be2 0-0 9.0-0 Re8 10.Ktd2 Ktbd7 11.Qc2 Kte5 12.b3 g5 13.Bb2 g4 14.Rfe1 Kth5 15.Ktd1 Ktf4 16.Bb5 Rf8 17.Kte3 Qg5 18.Ktf5 B:f5 19.e:f Kted3 20.B:d3 B:b2 21.Rad1 Bd4 22.Kte4 Q:f5 23.Ktg3 Qg5 24.B:h7+ Kh8 25.Qf5 Qh6 26.Q:g4 Kt:g2 27.K:g2 Q:h7 28.Re7 Rg8 29.Qf4 Be5 30.Qf3 Rg7 31.R:b7 Qc2 32.Re1 Kg8 33.Re4 Rf8 34. Rg4 Q:a2 35.Ktf5 R:g4 36.Q:g4+ Kh7 37.Qh5+ Kg8 38.Kth6+ Kg7 39.Kt:f7 Rg8 40.Kt:e5+ Kf8 41.Ktg4+ R:g4 42. Q:g4. Black resigns.

THE WILD EAST

The Atlantic Open in New York resulted in a five-way tie between grandmasters Browne and Bisguier and masters Gilden, Weinstein and Burns. To clinch first place Browne had to win in the final round, and the result was one of the wildest games of the event.

Queen's Gambit

W. BROWNE — B. ZUCKERMAN

1.d4 d5 2.c4 e6 3.Ktc3 Be7 4.Ktf3 Ktf6 5.Bg5 0-0 6.e3 Ktbd7 7.Bd3 d:c 8.B:c4 c5 9.0-0 a6 10.a4 c:d 11.e:d Ktb6 12.Bb3 Bb7 13.Kte5 Bc6 14.Bc2 Ktbd5 15.Bb1 Ktb4 16.Re1 g6 17.Bh6 Re8 18.Ra3 Qd6 19.Kte2 Rad8 20.Rh3 Qd6 21.Ktf3 Qa5 22.Ktc3 Ktbd5 23.Kte5 Kt:c3 24.b:c B:a4 25.Qe3 Bd7 26.Bg5 Ktd5 27.Kt:f7! B:g5 28.R:h7! Ktf6 29.B:g6 Kt:h7 30.Qh5 Q:c3 31.Q:h7+ Kf8 32.Rf1 Q:d4 33.Kte5 Qf4 34.Kt:d7+ R:d7 35.Qh8+ Ke7 36.Q:e8+ Kf6 37.Q:d7 K:g6 38.Q:e6+ Bf6 39.Qe8+ Kh6 40.g3 Qb4 41.Re1 a5 42.Re6 Qb2 43. Qf7 Kg5 44.h4+ Kg4 45.Qg6+ Kh3 46. Q:f5x.

Norman Weinstein, 22, was victorious in the Chicago international tournament, scoring 8 points out of 11 games, ahead of A. Sigurjonsson (Iceland). Canadian grandmaster Duncan Suttles unexpectedly lost seven games to finish at the bottom with 2½ points.

THE GIRL FROM TBILISI

M. Chiburdanidze, a 12-year-old school girl from Tbilisi, showed great talent in the recent USSR women's championship. In the following game (from the USSR Cup finals) she upsets international master Kira Zvorikina.

Sicilian Defence

K. ZVORIKINA — M. CHIBURDANIDZE

1.e4 c5 2.Ktf3 d6 3.d4 c:d 4.Kt:d4 Ktf6 5.Ktc3 a6 6.Be3 Qc7 7.Be2 e6 8.0-0 b5 9.f4 b4 10.e5 d:e 11.f:e Ktd7 12.Ktcb5?! a:b 13.Kt:b5 Qd8 14.Bh5! Kt:e5! 15. B:f7+! Kt:f7 16.Qf3 Qd7 17.Rad1 Bb7 18.Qh5?! Bd5 19.R:f7 Q:h5! 20.Rdf1 g6 21.Qe5 Rg8 22.R:h7 Ktd7 23.Qg5 Bc5! 24.Kh1? Q:f1+. White resigns.

THE BRILLIANT TOUCH

White — Kg1; Qh6; Rb1, Re1; Bb2, Bd3; Ktd4; Pa4, c2, f2, g2, h3. (13)
Black — Kg8; Qd8; Ra8, Rf8; Bb7, Bf6; Ktc5; Pa7, b5, c6, f7, g6, h7 (13). 1.Re3 Bg5? (overlooking the consequences. 1.- B:d4 2.Rh3 Re8 3.Q:h7+ Kf8 4.Qh6+ Kg8 5.Qh8+!; or 4.- Ke7 5.Qh4+ Kf8 6.Q:d4 Q:d4 7.B:d4 and 8.Bf6! But best was 1.- Qd5! with an unclear position) 2.Ktf5! Bf6 (2.- B:h6 3.Kth6x) 3.Rh3 Re8 4.Kte7+! Q:e7 5.Q:h7+ Kf8 6.Qh8+! B:h8 7.R:h8x. (Dzera—Shahar, Canada, 1973.)

KNIGHT ERRANT

White — Kd2; Kta5; Pa4, b4, c5, d3, f3, g3, h2, (9) Black — Kf5; Ktd8; Pa7, b7, c6, d5, f7, g4, h7. (9) 1.b5! Ke5 (1.- c:b 2.a:b b6 3.c:b a:b 4.Ktc6!: 2.- Ke6 3.Ke3 and 4.Kf4) 2.Kt:b7 3.b:c Ktd8 4.c:d K:c6 5.Ke3! K:c6 6.Kf4 Kc5 7.Ke5 Kb4 8.K:d5 K:a4 9.Ke4! Black resigns (Belitsko—Shipilov, Lipetsk, 1973).

GOLDEN JUBILEE. The International Chess Federation (FIDE) is 50 years old. Founded in Paris in 1924 by Pierre Vincent, with only 15 countries attending the first Congress, it numbers today 82 national federations. To commemorate the event, numerous tournaments and festivals will be held this year. The American continent has already opened the series of events in Puerto Rico during the Spassky-Byrne match. Europe will follow suit by staging an Olympiad in Nice on June 21 (the organizers hope this will be the greatest ever, with 80 countries participating) and Asia will conclude the FIDE Year with an Asian Championship, to be held in Tokyo during December 1974.

GALLERY GUIDE

HAIFA

By Ephraim Harris

BIRDS AND FLOWERS IN JAPANESE ART — Here in these hanging scrolls running from the 16th century until about 1940, you have an art so consistently traditional as to defy chronology and yet never to fall into mannered stylisation, an art based on observation. The sociability of geese automatically provides a pictorial axis. In the earliest exhibit, actually a screen, "Wild Geese," attributed to Moronobu, fly down, diagonally to the plant, towards each other in a desolate landscape like the wintry scene of Tetsuzan's "Birds on a Riverside." Again landscape enters into the 19th century Chikudo's "Geese." Further back, in the most dynamic scroll, the 17th century Ryusen's two "Mandarin Ducks" sail majestically along to the soft swirling wash of the water and their relative positioning, so that one believes in the Chinese painter who studied rhythm by watching ducks. Or we have the heron's wickedly cunning eye (19). Of course, some instances, e.g. Mitsuoki's "Quails and Chrysanthemums" point to art coming first. Observation also characterizes the flowers, cherry blossom, camelias, and, most beautifully, Kenzan's branches of blue "Wistaria" falling vertically to each other.

After these scrolls, the prints and drawings are a bit of a disappointment. True, observation also counts and artists are fascinated by the parrot's cantankerous beak and the hawk's cruel one (Utamaro's "Hawk Perched on a Plum Tree" and the left hand illustration from a printed book on hawks by an anonymous draughtsman). Perhaps Gantoku's delicately painted drawings, so reminiscent of a Western young lady's watercolours from the same 19th century, just get through. On the other hand, observation is very much moderated by art. Take, for example, two familiar prints: Hokusai's grandiosely patterned "Cranes in Snow" and Hiroshige's stylised "Irises at Horikiri." Koryusai's "Parrot Perched on a Screen" concentrates entirely on the ornate screen and an almost invisible parrot is only recognisable through its black head. Of two similar works, Kunisada's "Cuckoo Flying against the full Moon" and Hiroshige's "Cuckoo Flying against the Crescent Moon," the latter is undoubtedly superior. Lastly, since printed books have been mentioned, look at from Shotei's album (89). (Museum the sheer charm of the illustration of Japanese Art). Till end February.

AMIR SHARON — Very good oils for a boy of 10. The earlier ones, which go back a few years, landscapes and still life, are precocious, somewhat of disproportionate dimensions and raw paint. The chief interest lies in the latest figurative pieces, mainly based on brownish-red and yellow, with a notable command of cubist influenced backgrounds. The most successful portray down-to-earth working types, e.g. "Pedlar," "Guitarist," a male "Portrait" and "Desert Arabs" (depicted like any labourers); otherwise, for polish, the small "Lane in Acre" where he has assimilated the linear approach. The drawings become too precocious by introducing surrealism; the best are "Artistic Youth 1973" tying up with the above oils, and "Still Life in a Monastery Courtyard," an example of his outline drawing with black areas. (Ritz Gallery). Till March 15.

JUDITH KLEIN — A small show of figurative sculpture, emphasising voids and recesses, in different materials and of varying quality. Two items, however, stand out. The first, "Torso," would attract attention anywhere. She has cut away every articulation of head and breast superfluous to her abstract aim, so that the sharply pointed chin of the hollowed out "horned" head directs the eye to the visible portion of the bent right arm, thereby producing the formal effect. The second, a kneeling female nude, is remarkable for the complete integration of diverse parts, the angular arms, the relative volumes of breasts and knees and the curved body contours, into a plastic unity. It may just be that a more natural slenderness (Klein is again concentrating on her ultimate purpose) might improve it a bit. (Ritz Gallery). Till March 15.

ABRAHAM YASKIL — Calculated design in black and white drawings, Bible paintings in mixed technique and painted masks in the same medium. The masks easily beat the other themes. (Beit Chagall).

AMERICAN POSTERS and PRINTS — Stunning posters by outstanding American artists. The prints, more mixed, are nevertheless very good. (Museum of Modern Art). Till March 4.

INTERNATIONAL PRINTS — A high standard from both foreign and Israeli artists. ("Graphics 8" Gallery).

POSTERS FROM ISRAELI GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS — For the exhibitions of both foreign and Israeli artists. Worth a look. (Goldman's Gallery).

DINA KATZ — Oils, collages and drawings. (Rothschild Gallery). Opening Sat. 7 p.m.

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Sat., Feb. 2 — "6.6" — series of chamber music concerts, at 6.06 p.m., and every subsequent second week.

לתרבות מתקדמת צוותא

MUSIC AT TZAVTA 11.11 SERIES
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23 AT 11.11 a.m.

PNINA SALZMAN — piano
MOSHE MURVITZ — violin
AVRAHAM BORNSTEIN — viola
ELCHANAN DANEISI — contrabass

PROGRAMME:
1. *J.S. Bach/arr. Mozart Prelude and Fugue*
2. *W. A. Mozart — Piano Quartet in G minor, K. 478*
3. *F. Schubert — Piano Quintet in A, op. 114 (The Trout)*

TZAVTA, 30 Rehov Ibn Gvirol, Tel Aviv; Tel. 250156/7

WHAT'S ON

Plant a Tree in Israel With your Own Hands! Free tours for planters to the Hills of Judea leave every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and every Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Visitors Department, Keren Kayemet Le-Israel (Jewish National Fund); In Jerusalem — Rehov King George, corner Rehov Keren Kayemet. Tel. 35261, in Tel Aviv — 96 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 234449.

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— ALL WEEK IN JERUSALEM —

Hadassah Tours

1. Medical Centre at 9.30 a.m., 11.00 a.m 12.15 p.m. and 3.00 p.m. Last tour on Friday at 12.15 p.m. Kennedy Building No charge. Buses 19 and 27.

2. Morning half-day tour of all Hadassah projects. IL8.40 ($2) per person towards transportation and refreshments. By reservation only: Tel. 416333.

Hebrew University, conducted tours, in English, weekdays, at 9 and 11 a.m. starting from the lobby of the Administration Building at the Givat Ram Campus. For tours of the Mt. Scopus Campus, please call Tel. 30211, ext. 725.

Tourists and visitors come and see the General Israel Orphans Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressive modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 10-4. Bus No.6 Kiryat Moshe, Tel. 523291

Jerusalem Biblical Zoo, Schneller Wood Romema. Tel. 533822, 7.30 a.m.-dusk.

Wizo, 1 Rehov Mapu. Daily Home Hospitality Service run by Israeli volunteers for volunteers from abroad. Open House for New Immigrants, Tourists, Wizo Members, every Wednesday, 4-6 p.m. For daily tours of Wizo Institutions, please call the Tourist Dept.: Tel. 226060.

AT THE KHAN

1. An Evening of Chekhov plays, directed by Michael Alfreds; at 8.30 p.m.; Sat., Feb. 23 and every Tuesday in March (5, 12, 19, 26).
2. Folklore Evening of Song and Dance, with INBAL. Every Wednesday at 9 p.m.

— TEL AVIV —

Tel Aviv Museum, Sderot Shaul Hamelech, Exhibitions: Max Lieberman — Drawing, Lithographs, Engravings (New Building); the Museum collections. Israeli Art — the Kinetic Room. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, 6 Rehov Tarsat, Yigael Tumarkin — War Impressions (photographs, paintings, sculpture). Sun.-Thur. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Fri. 10 a.m.-2 p.m., Sat., 6-10 p.m. Soldiers in uniform admitted free.

Ha'aretz Museum, Tel Aviv Museum Centre, Ramat Aviv (1) Glass Museum; (2) Kadmon Numismatic Museum; (3) Ceramics Museum; (4) Museum of Science and Technology; (5) Museum of Ethnography and Folklore, (6) Alphabet Museum; (7) Nechushtan Pavilion; (8) Tel-Qasile Excavations; Open: Sun, Mon., Tues, Wed., Thurs., 9 a.m.-4.00 p.m. Fri., 9.00 a.m.-1 p.m. Sat. 10.00 a.m. 2.00 p.m.

Temporary exhibition at the Glass Museum, Ramat Aviv: Glass from Scandinavia.

MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES OF TEL AVIV-YAFO, 10 Rehov Mifrats Shlomo. Open as above.

MUSEUM OF THE HISTORY OF TEL AVIV-YAFO, 27 Rehov Bialik. Open as above but closed Saturday.

Conducted Tours:

Tel Aviv University

Free conducted tours in English, of RAMAT AVIV CAMPUS daily except Saturday. Assembly point at University — 10.30 a.m. Public Relations Dept. — Transportation — by public buses 25, 26, 79, 90. Free transportation on Mondays and Wednesdays from hotels: 9.30 a.m.-Tadmor, Sharon, Acadia, Validor, Samuel, Aster, Dan, Park, Deborah, Adi, Ami Shalom, Basle. 10 a.m.-Sheraton, Hilton, Ramat Aviv.

Mizrahi Women's Organization of America and Canada 16, 18 Rehov Dov Hos., Tel Aviv call Tel. 220187, 243108; Jerusalem 222646, 521606; Haifa, 64528; Beersheba, 3171

ORT ISRAEL: for visits please contact: ORT Tel Aviv, Tel. 762291-2; ORT Jerusalem, Tel. 233675; ORT Haifa, Tel. 668000 ORT Netanya, Tel. 22922

National Religious Women's Organisation Mizrahi and Hapoel Hamizrahi Women in Israel, 166 Rehov Ibn Gvirol, Tel Aviv; call Tel. 03-788942, 03-446316. Jerusalem: Tel. 02-30620, 02-35262, Mondays, Wednesdays guided tours through Neve Sara Herzog Complex, Bnei Brak.

Wizo, 38 Rehov David Hamelech. Look Ahead to our Purim Bazaar, March 4 Daily Home Hospitality Service run by Israeli volunteers for volunteers from abroad. Open House for New Immigrants, Tourists, Wizo Members, every Wednesday 4-6 p.m. For daily tours of Wizo Institutions, please call the Tourist Dept., Tel. 232939. When in Tel Aviv, visit the Wizo Boutique, 38 Rehov David Hamelech.

Moetzet Hapoalot — Pioneer Women: Courtesy tours Sunday through Thursday 9 a.m. Tel Aviv, Histadrut Bldg., 93 Rehov Arlosorov, Tel. 261111; Jerusalem Beit Elishova, Rehov Elazar Hamodai, Katamon, Tel. 31616; Haifa Community Centre, 14 Rehov Zahal, Kiryat Eliezer Tel. 522554 Phone for reservations.

● Canadian Hadassah-Wizo Office, 116 Hayarkon, Tel. 227060, 8 a.m.-3 p.m. Hadassah Club, 30 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 56039.

Israel Wax Museum, depicting the "Rebirth of Israel." Shalom Mayer Tower, Tel Aviv, Tel. 57804.

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— NETANYA —

Wizo, 13 Macdonald Rd. Daily Home Hospitality Service run by Israeli volunteers for volunteers from abroad. Open House for New Immigrants, Tourists, Wizo Members, every Wednesday 4-6 p.m. For daily tours of Wizo Institutions, please call Mrs. Zelzion, Tel. 053-23192.

— EILAT —

Wizo. For daily tours of Wizo Institutions, please call Mrs. Faye Morris, Tel. 059-2061.

— NAHARIYA —

Wizo. For daily tours of Wizo Institutions, please call Mrs. Zimenhauer, Tel. 04-920097.

— HAIFA —

Hadassah Club Youth Aliya office, 209 Rehov Hameginim, Tel. 642461, 064876

Goldman Art Gallery, 93b Sd. Hanassi; Tel. 80840. Exhibition of Posters, and the Gallery Collection. Open daily 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 4-7 p.m.; 8-10 p.m. Sat. 6-9.30 p.m.

Rothschild Gallery, 140 Sd. Hanassi. Exhibition of oils, collages and drawings by BINA KATTZ. Opening Sat. night, Feb. 23, at 7 p.m. Under the patronage of Dr. N. Elati, District Commissioner. Closing March 13.

Wizo, 50 Rehov Moria. Daily Home Hospitality Service run by Israeli volunteers for volunteers from abroad Open House for New Immigrants, Tourists, Wizo Members, every Wednesday, 4-6 p.m. For daily tours of Wizo Institutions, please call the Tourist Dept., Tel. 84449.

— REHOVOT —

Tourists interested in visiting the Weizmann Institute of Science should phone the Visitors' Section, Tel. 03-951721 ext 597, between 8.30 a.m. and 1 p.m.

SATURDAY
— JERUSALEM —

Organ Music by Philip Regev every Saturday at 11.30 a.m. Y.M.C.A. Auditorium. Public welcome.

Israel Theatres

Haifa Municipal Theatre

THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR by Gogol
Zahal, Mon., Feb. 25
Haifa, Wed., Feb. 26

LAST TREATMENTS
Jerusalem, Tomorrow, Feb. 23
Sun., Feb. 24
Haifa, Thurs., Feb. 28

DIFFICULT PEOPLE
A kind of comedy
Zahal, Mon., Feb. 25

Cameri Theatre performance
AS YOU LIKE IT
Haifa, Sun., Mar. 10

STAGE 2
WHAT DO I THINK ABOUT THE WAR?
Tel Aviv, Tzavta
Sat., Feb. 23
Two performances: 8.00, 10.00
Haifa, Beit Rothschild
Mon., Feb. 25, 9.00
Wed., Feb. 27, 7.00, 9.00

The Cameri Theatre

VADALA'S YOUTH by Hanoch Levin
Director: Hanoch Levin
Tel Aviv, Sat., Feb. 23
Wed., Feb. 27

AS YOU LIKE IT
Shakespearean comedy
Tel Aviv, Sun., Feb. 24
Mon., Feb. 25
Zahal, Tues., Feb. 26
Wed., Feb. 27

PLAZA SUITE
Zahal, Sun., Feb. 24
Safad, Mon., Feb. 25
Zahal, Tues., Feb. 26

JACOBI VLEIDENTAL
(temporary name)
Last performances
Jerusalem, Sun., Feb. 24
Tel Aviv, Tzavta Mon., Feb. 25

Habimah

SHALOM, SHALOM BUT NOT PEACE
Tel Aviv, Large Hall
Sat., Feb. 23, 8.30

OH! OH! JULIA
Tel Aviv, Small Hall
Sat., Feb. 23, 8.00
Sun., Feb. 24, 7.30
Mon., Feb. 25, 7.30
Tues., Feb. 26, 7.30

LIKE A TEAR IN THE OCEAN
Tel Aviv, Large Hall
Sun., Feb. 24, 7.30
Mon., Feb. 25, 7.30

HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES
Tel Aviv, Large Hall
Tues., Feb. 26, 7.30
Wed., Feb. 27, 7.30

THE ETERNAL HUSBAND
Tel Aviv, Small Hall
Wed., Feb. 27, 7.30
Box Office
Tel. 283742, Tel Aviv

PERSPECTIVES

Conductor: **LUCIANO BERIO**

Soloist: **CATHY BERBERIAN** soprano

BERIO: Two excerpts from Afifani, a folk song sequence for solo voice

MAIO: Five short symphonies

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ENSEMBLE

JERUSALEM	HAIFA	TEL AVIV
JERUSALEM THEATRE	SHAVIT	TEL AVIV MUSEUM
Sat., March 2, 8.30	Sun., March 3, 8.30	Mon., March 4, 7.00
Tickets: Cahana,	Tickets: Garber,	In coop with Tel Aviv Museum.
1 Rehov Herbert Samuel	129 Sderot Hanassi.	Tickets: Museum and Union.
Subscribers present Voucher 82.	Subscribers present Voucher 81.	Subscribers present Voucher 89.

Aviv Adv.

The Israel National Opera

23.2.74 Tel Aviv at 8.30
CIRCUS PRINCESS — Kalman

2.3.74 Tel Aviv at 8.30
14.3.74 Haifa at 7.00
18.3.74 Jerusalem at 8.00
MADAME BUTTERFLY — Puccini
with Metropolitan Opera Star JUDITH DE-PAUL

Z.O.A. HOUSE

Tuesday, February 26 at 8 p.m.
LIBRARY CIRCLE
Prof. ALEX ARONSON
Tel Aviv University
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SHAKESPEARE
IN JUNGIAN PERSPECTIVE

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Tel Aviv-Yafo Municipality Youth and Culture Dept.
Tel Aviv University Faculty of Arts and Communications
The Israel Film Archives, Haifa

WEEK DEDICATED TO ROMAN POLANSKY

23.2. at 6.30 p.m. KNIFE IN THE WATER
Short: Two Men and a Wardrobe

23.2 at 6.30 p.m. ROSEMARY'S BABY
25.2 at 6.30 p.m. REPULSION
25.2 at 9.00 p.m. DANCE OF THE VAMPIRES
Short: Two Men and a Wardrobe
27.2 at 6.30 p.m. MACBETH
27.2 at 9.00 p.m. REPULSION
28.2 at 6.30 p.m. MACBETH
Short: Two Men and a Wardrobe
28.2 at 9.00 p.m. KNIFE IN THE WATER
1.3 at 3.30 p.m. ROSEMARY'S BABY

4 Rehov Pumbadita, Tel Aviv, Tel. 284425, Box Office 285865
Buses 12, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 55, 61, 62, 66

HAIFA CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY

BEIT HAROFE HAIFA

Saturday, February 23, 1974 at 7.30 sharp

THE NEW ISRAEL QUARTET

(TAL, MARKUS STEINBERG, MENSE)
With RUTH MENSE, piano

Programme:
Webern: String Quartet, Op. 28
Beethoven: String Quartet, Op. 18, No. 2
Dvorák: Piano Quintet, Op. 81

A limited number of tickets at the box office on the evening of the concert.

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Commencing Saturday, Feb. 23, at 7.15 p.m. and 9.30 p.m.
Weekdays at 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 p.m.
See times of performance of individual cinemas

ALLENBY Tel. 57820
8th week
WALTER MATTHAU
Don Siegel's "Dirty Harry"

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CINEMA ONE Tel. 57952
2nd week
Israel Premiere
ONE RUSSIAN SUMMER
OLIVER REED
CLAUDIA CARDINALE
4.30, 7, 9.30

CINERAMA
ISRAEL PREMIERE
7.15—9.30
Sam Peckinpah's
PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID

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Carlo Ponti Presents
MR. HERCULES AGAINST KARATE
Color by TECHNOSPES United Artists
TOM SCOTT
FRED HARRIS
JOLINA MITCHELL
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

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4th week
7.15, 9.30
CAT BALLOU
JANE FONDA
LEE MARVIN

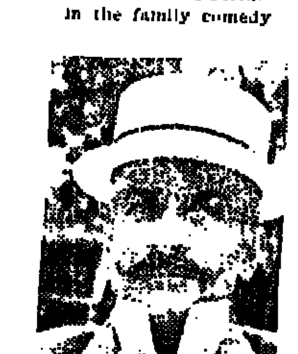
EDEN Tel. 57450
2nd week
A Karate picture
FOUR RIDERS
4, 7, 9

ESTHER Tel. [illegible]
7th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

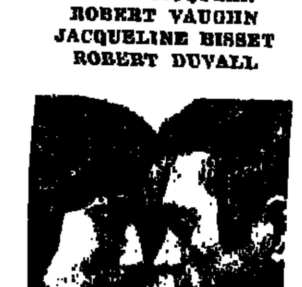
BLUME IN LOVE

DRIVE-IN cinema tel: 777177

First show 7.15
LOUIS DE FUNES
in the family comedy



HIBERNATUS
Colour
English-Hebrew subtitles
Second show 8.30
STEVE McQUEEN
ROBERT VAUGHN
JACQUELINE BISSET
ROBERT DUVALL



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Midnight show
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GEORGE SEGAL
THE HOT ROCK

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23rd week
PETE 'N' TILLIE
WALTER MATTHAU
CAROL BURNETT
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LE GRAND BLOND AVEC UNE CHAUSSURE NOIRE
YVES ROBERT
PIERRE RICHARD
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THE DARING DOBERMANS
Starring the original Doberman Gang
CHARLES KNOX ROBINSON

MAXIM Tel. 287457
7th week
WHAT THEY DID TO SOLANGE
FABIO TASTY
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LIMOR Tel. 260773
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2nd week
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Adults only
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MARTIN BALSAM
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SOUNDER
Nominated for 4 Oscars
For the whole family
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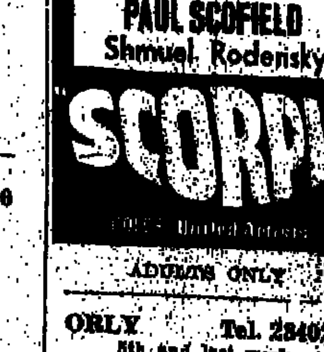

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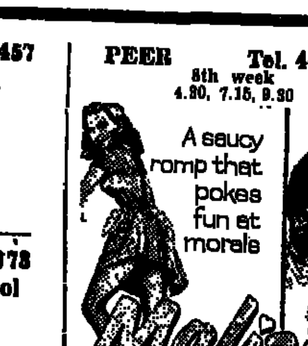
I'LL CRY TOMORROW
with
SUSAN HAYWARD

PEER Tel. 443795
8th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30



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ISRAEL PREMIERE
GUM SHOE
ALBERT FINNEY
10, 12, 2, 4, 7.15, 9.30

RAMAT AVIV Tel. 412761
7.15, 9.30
Stella Steven's
POSEIDON ADVENTURE
GENE HACKMAN
ERNEST BORGNINE

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2nd week
Israel Premiere
4.30, 7.30, 9.30
woody allen's "bananas"
COLOR by DeLuxe United Artists

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DENNIS WEAVER
(McCloud)
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WALTER MATTHAU and BRUCE DERN
race against time and killers in
The Laughing Policeman
Adults only

ZAFON Tel. 445035
3rd week
ALAIN DELON
SIMONE SIGNORET
LES GRANGES BRULEES
4.30 7.15, 9.30

Jerusalem Cinemas

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Weekdays: 4.00

ARNON Tel. 224829
Based on the novel by Truman Capote
THE GLASS HOUSE

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Starting Friday at 3 p.m.
STEPHEN BOYD
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KILL

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in a great Turkish melodrama
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in the sex comedy
The Bigamist

JERUSALEM Tel. 35067
3rd week
SPLENDOUR IN THE GRASS
with
NATALIE WOOD and WARREN BEATTY
Sat. 7, 9 p.m.
Weekdays: 7 p.m.

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ANNIE GIRARD
BERNARD PERSON
in
Le Feux de la chandelier

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VALERIE PERRINE
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VIVIAN LEIGH
LESLIE HOWARD
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Perfs.: 3.45, 7.45 p.m.

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Everything you always wanted to know about sex but were afraid to ask

Haifa Cinemas

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Daily at 7.00 and 9.00 p.m. — Matinee at 4.00 p.m.

AMPHITHEATRE Tel. 664018
RICHARD HARRISON and DONALD O'BRIEN
in a thrilling Western
TWO BROTHERS FROM TRINITY
Cinemascope and colour

ARMON Tel. 664848
2nd week
No. 1 box office hit in the U.S.A.
COFFY
Starring PAM GRIER
In colour
For adults only

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Great suspense and satire production
UN CAVE
Starring
CLAUDE BRASSEUR and MARTHA CLAIR
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BEIT ROTHSCHILD
Sat., Tuesday at 6.45, 9.00
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GRAZIE ZIA
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LAST TANGO IN PARIS
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2nd week
LEE VAN CLEEF
in an exciting Western full of suspense
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From Friday
six nonstop perfs.
A great karate hit
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CLINT EASTWOOD
in an exciting Western
Coogan's Bluff
In colour
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3rd week
GEORGE SEGAL
SHELLY WINTERS
in a most entertaining film
BLUME IN LOVE
In Colour

ORDAN Tel. 663443
2nd week
LANA TURNER's greatest film ever
MADAME X
In colour

ORION Tel. 523939
MEGGI LEE
in an action packed new karate film
Infernal Street
In colour
Six nonstop perfs from Friday

ORLY Tel. 81868
2nd week
A young girl's search for fame and riches in a big city
A DATE WITH A LONELY GIRL
CANDICE BERGEN
PETER BOYLE
JAMES CAAN
For adults only — In colour

PEER Tel. 662282
After its overwhelming success in Tel Aviv
DINA ROSS
as BILLIE HOLLIDAY
the great blues singer in
LADY SINGS THE BLUES
with
BILLY DEE WILLIAMS
For adults only
No compl. tickets
In colour

RON Tel. 669069
2nd week
GENE HACKMAN and AL PACINO
in the great success
SCARECROW
Panavision and Technicolor

SHAVIT
CHARLIE CHAPLIN's classical film
MODERN TIMES
Perfs. all week at 6.45, 9.00

Ramat Gan Cinemas

ARMON Tel. 720706
I Escaped From Devil's Island
JAMES BROWN

HADAR Tel. 723822
3rd week
THE DARING DOBERMANS
Starring the original Doberman Gang
CHARLES KNOX ROBINSON

LILI
7.15, 9.30
AVA GARDNER
CHARLESTON HESTON
55 DAYS AT PEKING

OASIS
CHRISTINA SCHOLLIN
"Dear John"
JOHNNY [illegible]
in a clean love story
Want So Much To Believe

ORDEA Tel. 721720
7.15, 9.30
LE GRAND BLOND AVEC UNE CHAUSSURE NOIRE
YVES ROBERT
PIERRE RICHARD

RAMA Tel. 721912
2nd week
7.15, 9.30
DECAMERON 69

RAMAT GAN
after the successful showing in Zafon, Tel Aviv
The Heartbreak Kid
Directed by NEIL SIMON
CHARLES GRODIN
7.15, 9.30

Herzliya

DAVID Tel. 984021
7, 9.15
LA DECAD PRODIGIEUSE

Petah Tikva

Sat., 7, 9.15
Weekdays, 7 and 9
The True Story of Johnny Manata
JEFF HUNTER
Mats. at 3.30:
THE MAGNIFICENT GLADIATOR

The Poster

Warren Oates and Dennis Hopper are, surprisingly, at work in a toy factory in "Kid Blue."

THEATRE

A TEAR IN THE OCEAN (Habimah) — An old fashioned melodrama about Jewish fighters against Nazis, filled with rather meaningless discussions. TEL AVIV (Habimah) Sun., Mon., 7.30.

ETERNEL HUSBAND (Habimah) —, TEL AVIV (Habimah) Wed., Thurs., 7.30.

HO, HO JULIET! (Habimah) — Romeo and Juliet married and lived unhappily ever after in Ephraim Kishon's new comedy. The plot is neat, the jokes are tried and true, the audience laughs. (See review) TEL AVIV (Habimah) Sat., 8.00, Sun., Mon., Tues., 7.30.

HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES (Habimah) — A silly comedy about mixed couples, with many doors opening, people coming and going for no good purpose. TEL AVIV (Habimah) Tues., Wed., Thurs., 7.30.

THREE WIDOWS (Gideon Shemer) — play by Shalom Aleichem. HASOLELIM Fri., NEVE OR Sat.

SHALOM, SHALOM, BUT NO PEACE (Habimah) — A rather inane little musical about King Solomon and his sexual troubles arising from old age and a proliferation of wives. TEL AVIV (Habimah) Sat., 8.30. ARMY Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.

VARDA'LE'S YOUTH (Cameri) — Hanoch Levin's new play about another rich family he hates so much, and their beautiful, spoiled daughter. (Not yet reviewed) TEL AVIV (Cameri) Sat., 8.30.

MUSIC

Events start at different times — so watch out!!

Jerusalem

ISRAEL BACH SOCIETY — Daniel Amarillio, tenor; Renato Axelrod, flute; Eli Freud — works by Reger, Alain, and Baroque — at the Christ Church: Saturday, at 7.30 p.m.

"WORDS TO MUSIC" — Shakespeare, the transformation of English poems when set in translation by the great masters of the Lied — Simon Sargon, with Rina Best, soprano; Bonny Glasgow, mezzo-soprano; poetry reading by Dora Camrass and Robert Friend — at the Rubin Academy: Monday, at 7.30 p.m.

TESTIMONIUM "DE PROFUNDIS" — the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, the Z.O.A. House Choir; a Children's Choir; conducted by Juan Pablo Izquierdo, with Stella Richmond, Rema Samsonov, Mira Zakkai, Jerome Barry, Menasse Hadjes, Willy Haparnass, Yitzhak Shilo (narrator) — two programmes; Tuesday, at the Theatre, at 8.30 p.m. — Y. Gilboa: Kalonymos' Lament; B. Orgad: Suffering for Redemption; L. Foss: Lamdeni; L. Schildowsky: Akiba ben Joseph. — Wednesday, at the Wise Auditorium, the Hebrew University, at 8.30 p.m. — A. Schoenberg: De Profundis; L. Schildowsky: Eleven Tombstones; L. Foss: Lamdeni.

ORGAN RECITAL — Alfred Mitterhofer, a Research Scholar of the Ecumenical Institute for Advanced Theological Research, Tantur, plays Bach: Preludium and Fugue in e minor; Choral-Vorspiel "O Lamm Gottes"; Sonata No. 4, in e minor; Preludium and Fugue in b minor — at the Church of the Redeemer, Old City: Thursday, at 7.30 p.m.

AT LATRUN — Israel Woodwind Quintet play works by Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart arranged for woodwind instruments at Beit Shalom nr. monastery. Tonight at 8 p.m.

Tel Aviv

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau conducting, with Alfred Brendel, piano — Subscription Concert No. 7, Series 7: Saturday, at 7.30 p.m. — Schubert — Mozart (Piano Concerto in C, K. 503)-Schumann.

ITALIAN MUSIC — the Israel Chamber Ensemble, Noam Sheriff conducting, with Uzi Wiesel, cello — works by Geminiani, Frescobaldi, Vivaldi, Tartini, Albinoni, Corelli — at the Recanati Auditorium, The Museum: Saturday, at 7 p.m.

PIANO RECITAL — Shoshana Rudiakov plays works by Beethoven, Brahms, Scriabin, Chopin, Ravel — at the Recanati Auditorium, the Museum: Tuesday, at 7 p.m.

Haifa

Chamber Music — The New Israel String Quartet, with Ruth Menzo, piano — play for the Haifa Chamber Music Society Webern: String Quartet, op. 28; Beethoven: String Quartet op. 18 No. 2; Dvorak: Piano Quintet, op. 81 — at Beit Harofe: Saturday, at 7.30 p.m.

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Shmuel Friedman conducting, with Meir Rimon, the Haifa Chamber Choir (director: Yehuda Engel) — Tchaikovsky: String Serenade; Mozart: Horn Concerto, K.447; Mozart: Vesperae, K.339; Persichetti: Wind Serenade — at the Municipal Theatre: Sunday and Monday, at 7.15 p.m.

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Subscription Concert No. 6 — Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau conducting. With Uri Shoham, flute — Schubert: Symphony No. 5; Mozart: Flute Concerto K.313; Schumann: Symphony No. 3 — Series 1: Sunday; Series 2: Monday; Series 3: Tuesday — all concert at the Armon Hall, at 7.30 p.m.

Rehovot

HOLON CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Shmuel Friedman conducting, with Yaacov Ronnen, violin; Shlomo Trubashnik, oboe — works by Bach, Mozart, Shostakovich — at the Wix Auditorium: Saturday, at 8.30 p.m.

Netanya

THE NETANYA LIGHT ORCHESTRA — Sam Lewis conducting light classical and popular music — at the "Ohel Shem" Hall: Tuesday, at 6 p.m.

Record of the Week

At present conducting the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra for the first time, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau is still tops as singer of German Lieder, and his latest release by EMI (CBS C 053-01 340) — Schumann Lieder, after poems by H. Heine — proves it again beyond doubt. It contains some of the best settings ("Liederkreis", "Der arme Peter", "Die beiden Grenadiere", "Belsatzar", etc), and the voice, diction and emphasis on the content are superb as usual. Hertha Klust is the new accompanist on this record, but one track — "Die beiden Grenadiere" — is taken from an earlier recording, when Gerald Moore was at the piano (1951). Comparison between the earlier and later renditions throws an interesting light on the singer's vocal development — it has become somewhat lighter and more flexible. A very fine disc, with beautiful music beautifully sung. (Y.B.)

CINEMA

***BANANAS** — Woody Allen co-authored, directed and stars in this crazy comedy which deals partly with Woody's adventures in a banana republic in South America. It is all very much of a scramble but there are some hilarious moments.

***LES GRANGES BRULEES** — Murder mystery set in a French village in the Haut-Doubs which is stronger on characterisation and rural atmosphere than on suspense. Director Jean Chapot teams up Simone Signoret and Alain Delon with the former giving her usual magistral performance.

*** KID BLUE** — A non-violent Western, which mixes satire, straight comedy and sentiment in an original manner. Dennis Hopper plays a train robber who tries to go straight in the Texas of 1902, but his adventures as he looks for congenial work are too episodic to make this handsome production a complete success.

THE LAST AMERICAN HERO — Tells the story of Junior Johnson, one of America's great stock car racing drivers. Jeff Bridges is convincing as the hero, and the film combines numerous exciting race sequences with interesting scenes of the backstage life of the circuit competitors.

ONE RUSSIAN SUMMER — Oliver Reed, in his familiar role of "the man you love to hate," this time as a bestial landowner in czarist Russia at the turn of the century. This Anglo-Italian co-production, with English dialogue, succeeds in evoking the brooding atmosphere of the times, but the story develops too slowly and is too melodramatic to be convincing.

THE STONE KILLER — Charles Bronson wades his way through an orgy of violence as a tough New York police detective, who has absolutely no scruples in his dealings with suspects. A routine crime-thriller, with Bronson's investigations of a chain of mysterious murders leading him to the top echelons of the Mafia.

*** DUEL** — Duel between a family saloon car and a huge, old petrol tanker, almost a horror film in its vivid depiction of danger on the roads. Inventive story, brilliant direction and convincing acting from Dennis Weaver make the picture well worth seeing.

WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU SOLANGE? — Another in the seemingly-endless series of murder-mysteries set against the background of a girl's high school. This one is a second-rate Italian production, with dialogue in English, which sometimes reverts to cheap sensationalism verging on outright pornography.

*** THE MACKINTOSH MAN** — Suspenseful if confused thriller that mixes robbery, espionage and politics and is excellently acted by first-rate cast.

BLUME IN LOVE — Romantic comedy about a warring-kissing couple who are well played by George Segal and a wan-looking Susan Anspach. Story moves between Los Angeles and a dream-like Venice and has some amusing incidents as well as too many fatuous moments. Written and directed by Paul Mazursky.

MALIZIA — Italian romantic-comedy, tells of the complications which arise when a sweet but sensuous young woman becomes a servant girl to a middle-aged widower and his three sons. Some clever satirising of Sicilian mores and morals, but the piece quite often descends to vulgarity to get cheap laughs

***CHARLEY VARRICK** — Walter Matthau plays a crop-duster turned bank robber, who finds himself pursued by the Mafia, as well as the police, after mistakenly stealing three-quarters of a million dollars of "dirty" money in a small town in New Mexico. Director Don Siegel gives us a top-class crime-thriller, but he surely erred in depicting Varrick in an entirely sympathetic light, with no real criticism of his way of life.

THE BIGAMIST — The fifth film starring Italian funny man Lando Buzzanca to reach Israel during the past year. However, even he cannot make much of a rather banal screenplay — made worse by poor English dubbing — in this mixture of sex and situation-comedy about a wagon-lit conductor on the Rome-Munich express, who has a wife in both cities.

*** "SCORPIO"** — A beauty of an espionage thriller, directed with great flair by Michael Winner, about international intrigue in Vienna, Paris and Washington. Impressive performances by Burt Lancaster, as an aging CIA intelligence agent suspected of selling out to the Russians, and Alain Delon, the free-lane assassin hired by the Americans to kill him. But the acting honours are just won by Paul Scofield, in the role of a KGB agent who tries to induce the CIA man to defect to Moscow. Habimah's Shmuel Rodensky is one of many excellent supporting player. A really intelligent action-movie, if a little complicated.

*** SOUNDER** — Simple but emotionally rich film about a black family's struggles for a decent life in the Depression period in the Deep South. Fine acting and director Martin Ritt's compassionate understanding of growing up poor with some dignity make seeing the picture a moving experience.

*** I'LL CRY TOMORROW** — Reissue of the 1956 film with Susan Hayward portraying the decline and fall of singer-actress Lilian Roth. Melodramatic but highly effective. With Richard Conte and Edie Albert and Daniel Mann directing.

OPERA

The Israel National Opera presents: E. KALMAN: "Die Zirkusprinzessin," with Miriam Laron/Esther Baumwel; Sami Bechar; Lois Yavnieli; Mordehai Ben-Shahar; Michael Kahana; Robert Gerber; Sima Gorecka; Rafael Rosenblat; Abraham Rettig; conductors: A. Levanon/A. Tarski (Tel Aviv-Saturday, at 8.30 p.m.; Tuesday, at 6 p.m.; Thursday, at 8 p.m.).

On the air

HEBREW NEWS AND NEWSREELS

1st Programme: News Today and Tomorrow: every hour on the hour, except 1 a.m. Newsreels: Today: 7.05 a.m. 1.00 p.m and 11.05 p.m. Tomorrow: 7.05 and 11.05 p.m.

2nd Programme: News Today and Tomorrow: every hour on the hour, except 7 and 8 p.m. and 4 a.m. Newsreels: Today 7.05 a.m., 1.05 p.m. and 11.05 p.m. Galei Zahal: News Today and Tomorrow: every hour on the hour. Newsreels today: 8.05 a.m. 12.05 and 5.05 p.m. and 12.05 a.m. Tomorrow: 5.05 p.m. and 12.05 a.m.

FIRST PROGRAMME
TODAY

7.58 a.m. Opening 8.05 Collegium Musicum — Tartini: Trio in F-major for 2 Violins and Harpsichord (David and Igor Oistrakh with Hans Pischner); Morley: Four songs for tenor, with Viola da Gamba and Lute (Nigel Rogers — Tenor); C. Stamitz: Sonata in B-flat major for Viola and Piano Juergen Kussmaul and Guenter Krieger); Roussel: Serenade for Flute, Violin, Viola, Cello and Harp (The "Melos" Ensemble). 9.05 The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra recorded... (stereo) Haydn: violin concerto in C-major (soloist: David Chen, Conductor: Harold Byrns). Mozart: Canzonetta from "Don Giovanni" (Rafael Arieh — Bass Conductor: S. Ronly-Riklis); Mordechai Seter: Fantasy for Orchestra (Conductor: Gary Bertini). 9.55 English news 10.05 Schubert: Mass in G-major (with choir, conducted by Mendi Rodan); Ravel: Piano concerto in G (soloist: Yahli Wagman, conductor: Mendi Rodan). 10.55 French News 11.00 News in easy Hebrew 11.05 "Ivrit Laam." 11.15 Programmes for Elementary schools. 12.05 Midday Concert — Lalande Musique pour les soupers du Roi," Suite no.4; Dvorak: "The Golden Spinning Wheel," Symphonic poem. 1.05 "At Midday" 1.25 Midday concert (cont.) Borodin: Symphony No.2 in B-minor (conductor: Yevgeni Svetlanov). 2.10 Mother and Child. 3.05 Kabbalat Shabbat 4.05 A Moment of Hebrew 4.08 The Middle East 4.30 News from the records library. 5.05 "Classical Request Programme for Soldiers" special programme combined with Talks with soldiers produced by Paul Landau 4.55 English News. 6.05 "What will be heard? — a preview of next week's music programme produced by Gideon Rosengarten. 6.30 Literary Magazine. 6.50 French News 7.05 "The Weekly Column." 8.05 Pages, Images and songs for Shabbat 9.05 "Friday Evening concert" (stereo) produced by Alexandra Melamed Beethoven: Excerpts from the Ballet "The Creatures of Prometheus" (the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Zubin Mehta) Works by Leonard Bernstein "The age of anxiety," Symphony for Piano and Orchestra (soloist: Fania Shapira, conductor: Willem van Oterloo) Symphonic Dances from "The Westside Story" (Conductor: Seiji Ozawa) 11.05 "Tonight. 11.25 Radio Story. 12.05 A moment of poetry 12.08 Close Down. 2.05-5.00 songs and tunes. 5.05-8.00 same as second programme.

TOMORROW

7.58 a.m. Opening 8.05 "Morning Concert" — J.B. Vanhal: Symphony in A-minor (Conductor: Karl Ristenpart); J. S. Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No.2 (Anthony Newman and Friends, with Martin Berinbaum — Trumpet); Mozart: Symphony No.5 in B-flat major (The Chamber Orchestra of The Netherlands conducted by Szymon Goldberg), G. Faure: "Caligula," Music to the Play by Dumas (choirs and the O.R.T.F. Chamber Orchestra conducted by Antonio de Almeida). 9.05 World of Science. 9.35 Musical Quiz. 9.55 English News. 10.05 The Weekly Diary. 10.55 French News. 11.05 "Curtain Up." 12.05 "Company 2, Platoon 3, Dear Zvai 2250" 1.05 "Midday Concert" (stereo) Beethoven: Overture "Leonore" No.3 (conductor: Otto Klemperer) Brahms: Violin Concerto in D-major opus 77 (Arthur Grimiaux with the New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Colin Davis). 2.05 Mother and Child. 3.05 "Chamber Music" Schubert: String Quintet in C-maor, opus 163 (The Hungarian Quartet with Laszlo Varga cello) 4.05 "Me and My Prayer. 5.05 "Musical continuity" — produced by Paul Landau 5.55 English News. 6.05 "Recital" (stereo) Rado Aldulesco (Cello) with Albert Gutman (Piano). Shostakovitch: Sonata; Debussy (arranged by Piatigorsky): Intermezzo. 6.50. French News. 7.05 Weekly Diary." 7.50 Bible Reading: Yirmiyahu, chaps. 43 and 44. 8.05 "The Art Song in Instrumental Music" a programme produced by Shlomo Hed 8.40 Yehuda Shmueli (Baritone) with Thea Refaeli (Piano — Songs by Bach, Handel, Haydn and Mozart. 9.05 Hamavdil 10.05 "The Middle East." 11.05 "Tonight." 11.25 "Listen and Solve." 12.05 A moment of poetry. 12.08 Close Down. 2.00-5.00 songs and tunes. 5.00-8.00 Same as second programme.

SECOND PROGRAMME
457, 423, 256, 249, 355 and 340.5 M.

Today: 5.05 a.m. Hebrew songs. 5.55 Religious service. 6.05 Exercises 6.15 Musical clock. 6.55 Programme Announcements. 6.59 A Moment of Hebrew 7.25 "Hebrew songs." 7.55 "Green Light." 8.05 Announcements. 8.10 "Good Morning" 8.55 Names and Events in the Headlines. 9.05 "Good Morning" (cont.) 10.05 "Here at Home." 11.40 Where to go and light music. 12.05 Programme for th Worker and the Employer. 12.30 "Smile" — songs and sketches. 1.05 "At Midday" 1.25 Hebrew songs. 2.05 "Till Four" — with Dalia Gutmann 4.05 A Moment of Hebrew 4.06 "Who is Afraid of Classical Music." 4.30 Shabbat songs. 5.05 "After the battle" 6.05 "From Me Mani" — with Mani Peer. 6.55 Announcements. 9.05 The Archives Sing and Talk" — Kol Yisrael recordings of Personalities, artists and events. 10.05 "What I like" 11.05 "Tonight." 11.25 Hebrew songs 12.05 A night of stars. 1.05-3.((songs and tunes.

Tomorrow: 5.50 songs and tunes. 6.05 Musical clock, 6.57 Religious service. 7.05 Hebrew songs 8.05 Announcements. 8.10 Morning Tunes —Regards 3.55 A. Alion's corner. 9.05 Morning tunes (cont.) 10.05 Classical and Light music. 11.05 Stars of "First appearance" programme during 1973. 12.05 "Al Galav Yani" — new records and recordings. 1.05 Stage and Screen. 1.40 Light Music. 1.50 Erets Yisrael Reminiscences. 2.05 Where to go and light music. 2.30 Popular songs. 5.30 Nathan Alterman's songs. 6.05 "The problem in question." 6.30 Sports. 6.55 Announcements. 9.05 Musical 9.45 Sports 10.05 Oriental Songs. 10.52 Light music. 11.05 "Tonight." 11.25 "Dori Ben-Zeev presents a Radiotek" 1.05-2.05 Songs and Tunes.

FIFTH PROGRAMME
445 M.

Today: 6.58 Opening 7.00 News 7.25 song and melody. 8.00 News 8.05 song and melody.

Tomorrow: 6.58 Opening 7.00 News 7.50 Song and melody. 8.00 News 8.05 Song and Melody.

IMMIGRANTS' HOUR
457, 423, 256, 249, 355 and 340.5 M.

7.00 p.m. News in easy Hebrew, Ivrit La'am, 7.15 Georgian. 7.30 Yiddish 8.00 Ladino 8.15 Mograbi 8.30 Rumanian 8.45 Russian 9.00 Close Down.

ENGLISH NEWS AND PROGRAMMES
7.00 a.m. (4th programme and short waves); 9.55 a.m. (1st programme); 1.30-2.00 p.m. (4th programme and short waves); 5.55 p.m. (1st programme); 8.30-8.45 p.m. (4th programme); 10.00-10.45 p.m. (short waves).

FRENCH NEWS AND PROGRAMMES
7.15 a.m. (4th programme and short waves); 10.55 a.m. (1st programme); 2.00-2.30 p.m. (4th programme and short waves): 6.50 p.m. (1st programme); 8.45-9.00 p.m. (4th programme); 12.00-1.00 am (short waves).

1st Programme — 256, 532 and 221 M.
4th Programme — 407, 445 and 292 M.
Short Waves — 10, 16, 25, 31, 33 41 and 49 M.

GALEI ZAHAL

Today: 6.05 Early Morning Tunes 6.55 For soldiers and their families. 7.05 Morning Tunes (cont.) 7.55 Programme trailer 8.05 "Zahal's Newsreel." 8.30 Requests 10.55 "The Short Hasidic story." 11.05 Warm and Tasty. 11.55 The voices behind the story 12.05 Zahal's Newsreel. 12.30 Warm and Tasty 1.30 The Jewish viewpoint. 1.35 Warm and Tasty. 1.55 Announcements to soldiers 2.05 Light entertainment with Mani Peer and Revital Amit. 2.30 Quiz 2.57 Programme trailer. 3.05 Light entertainment (cont.) 3.55 Prophetic Portion of the Week. 4.05 Yehoram Gaon's programme. 5.05 "The General's Revenge" 6.05 Zahal's Weekly Magazine. 6.45 Tradition, tradition. 7.05 Didi Manoual's short Friday. 8.05 "A profile" — Meir Yaari. 9.05 with one singer — Perry Como 10.05 An hour with Oded Kotler 11.05 Post Office Box 1005 11.58 "Midnight Tal." 12.05 Zahal's Newsreel 12.30 "Night Birds" — with Uri Lotan and Pnina Bat-Zvi. 3.05 Tunes in the Night.

Tomorrow: 6.05 "Saturday Morning" — greetings. 8.05 "Sandwich." 8.55 Programme Trailer. 9.05 "Sandwich" (cont.) 12.05 Zahal's Weekly Magazine 1.05 Personal Questions — Yaakov Agmon's programme 2.05 "The Seventh Day" — two hours with Yossi Banai. 4.05 "A Guest for a Party" 5.05 Zahal's Newsreel. 6.05 "Personal Possessions" 7.05 "From him to you" 8.05 "By request." 9.05 tradition, tradition. 9.35 Music from the shows. 10.05 "Dialling and song." 11.55 Midnight talk. 12.05 Zahal's Newsreel. 12.30 "Night Birds" — with Uri Lotan and Pnina Bat-Zvi. 3.05 Tunes in the night.